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New Haven High School (New
Haven, Ind.)
Memories

"MEMORIES"

NEW

HAVEN

HIGH

SCHOOL

1923

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Memories

Class of Nineteen Twenty-Three

of the

New Haven High School

Foreword

This is but the second time in the history of the New Haven High School that an annual has been published, and again it has been backed with great enthusiasm by the entire school and faculty. In this annual the editorial staff has endeavored to reflect the spirit of '23 and keep warm the "Memories" of the halcyon days of that year. We, the staff, have tried to give the public an insight into the real character of the school and a glimpse of its growing activities.

Whether or not all of this has been a success, now awaits your judgment. Nevertheless, we shall call our year book a complete success, if, after reading it, you lay it aside and say, "They Have The Right Spirit."

DEDICATION

In appreciation of their faithfulness and the long, weary hours they have spent with us in publishing this book, we, the members of the Senior Class, cheerfully dedicate "Memories of '23" to the Faculty of N. H. H. S.

Memories 1923

THE FACULTY

John T. DeLong—Superintendent
Indiana University

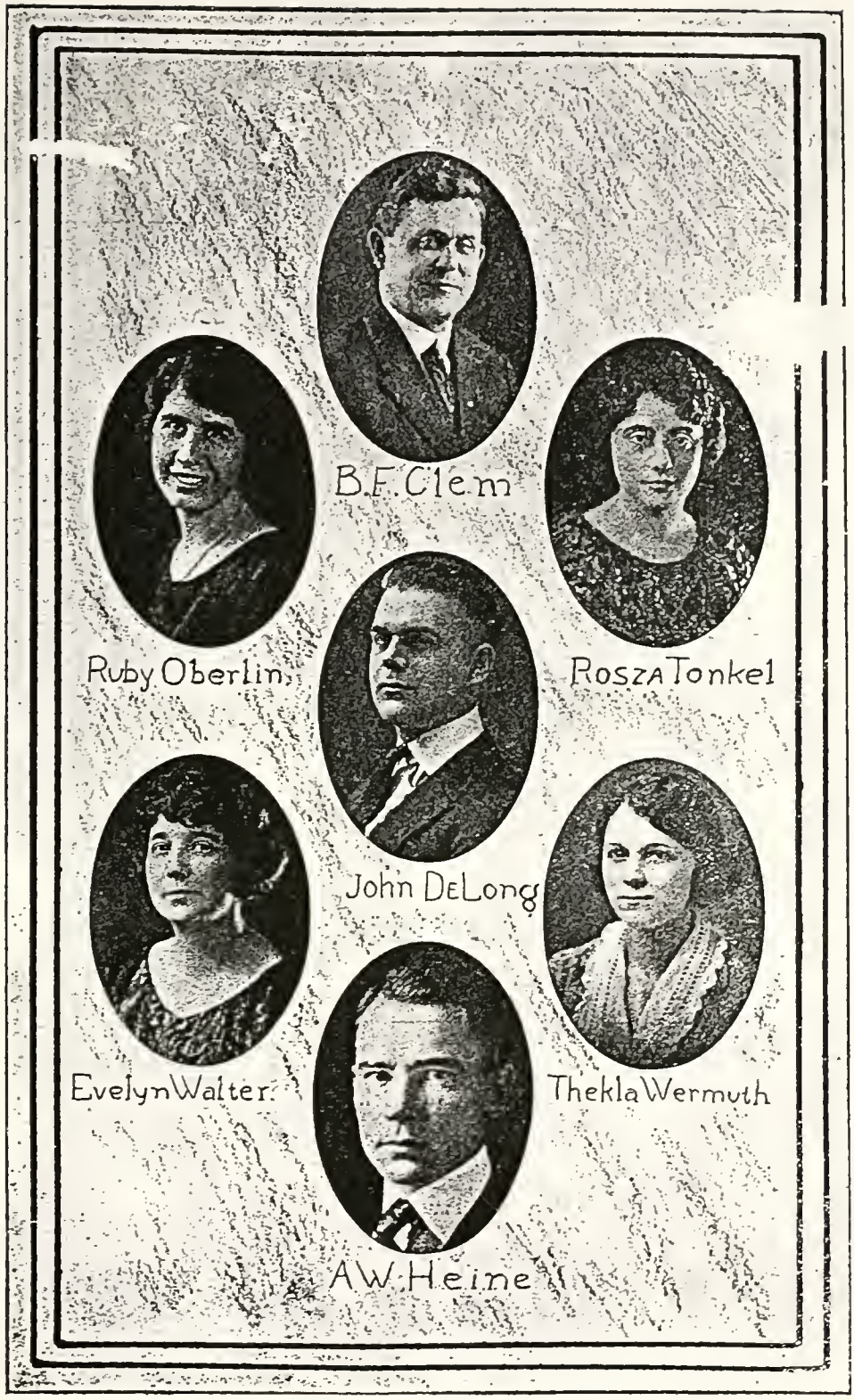
Ruby Oberlin—Principal
Indiana University

Rosza Tonkel
Indiana University

Albert W. Heine
Purdue University

Thekla Wermuth
University of Michigan

B. F. Clem
Muncie Normal

Evelyn Walter
Thomas Normal Training School
of Detroit

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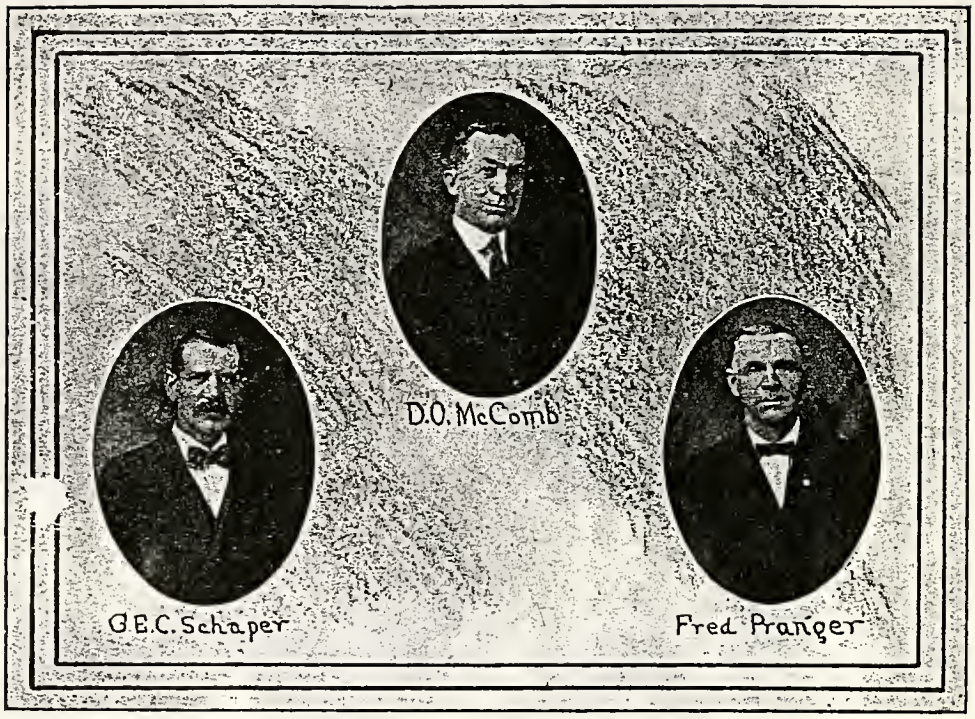
Ruby Oberlin
Rosza Tonkel
John DeLong
Evelyn Walter
Thekla Wermuth
A.W. Heine



BOARD OF EDUCATION

D. O. McComb, Superintendent
of Allen County Schools

G. E. C. Schaper, Trustee
of Adams Township, 1915-1923

Fred Pranger, Trustee
of Adams Township, 1923——.

Memories 1923

The Staff

CARRIE GOEGLEIN - - - Editor-in-Chief
HARRIET LAKE - - Assistant Editor-in-Chief
RUBY OBERLIN - - - Faculty Advisor
ALBERT HEINE - - - Faculty Advisor
NOEL SMITH - - - Business Manager
MARTIN SHEEHAN - - Assistant Business Manager
FERDINAND BRADTMUELLER - Advertising Manager
CARL GABLE - - - Circulation Manager

Literary

IRVIN BELL HARRIET LAKE ROY HEATH
BERNIECE CHAUSSE

Athletics

JESSIE SHEEHAN - - CLAUDE NULL

Society

EDRIE THOMAS - - - LUCILE YOUNG

Jokes

ZELDA RICHHART - - STANLEY PUTMAN

Cartoonist

LAMAR GIRARDOT

Music

GERMANIA GERARDOT - - HAROLD DANIELS

Class Reporters

NAN LANTZ - - - - Senior
LAVILLA TILLOCK - - - - Junior
KATIE WEILBAKER - - - Sophomore
ELIZABETH MILLS - - - Freshmen

From Those Who Know

"Always accomplish a little more and be somewhat superior to the preceding class, but by all means be original." This is the advice given by the graduating class of '23 to the remaining classes in New Haven High School. This policy may result in many heated discussions, but will undoubtedly prove wise in the end and secure a good name for any class. The Seniors of '23 have endeavored to put this in practice, and succeeded to such an extent that they have added various new accomplishments to their credit. In their Junior year they entertained the Juniors from all the high schools of Allen County and, also, later gave a street fair. In their Senior year they began the publishing of a monthly paper, the Hi-Lite, and also are sponsers for the present annual, "Memories". They have given their best efforts to put the Basket Ball Teams on a strong basis, and have backed any movement for the good of the school. Now their work is almost completed and they are about to leave these portals of learning. But they leave behind one distinct plea: "May this annual, these teams, and above all this paper be continued next year and the latter be increased to a bi-monthly publication."

At the Cross Roads

Here at the crossroads the Seniors are standing viewing the years gone and those to come. The former are gay, swift and so pleasing; the latter stern, gloomy and long. Each one must choose his own pathway, though it be thorny and rough. The pathway to the right is narrow, severe and not bright, but it points to a College and Success. The one to the left is smooth and wide, but it leads only to a quick, easy job. Onward is their aim. Yet the appearance of the paths causes delay, causes deep meditation on their part. But what are thoughts but the mere act of conversing with oneself; a pure revelation; determining to do; planning one's futurity, which, indeed, is life itself? What is more hidden, more noble than that grim determination and those deep thoughts which go to make up SUCCESS? A sad, rather melancholy, but fixed and determined expression settles over their countenances as they stand here, realizing, no doubt, that they must now

emerge from the protection of their alma mater, so dear, and step out into the world—the entangling, unperceivable, mysterious life of "earning a living".

"Where do we go from here?" is the uppermost question in every Senior's mind. Onward ever onward. Finally, they boldly advance to the right, timidly place their uncertain feet on the path, as if in test, and courageously proceed, for they know that work and hardships are the foundation of success. Alas, there are a few who must tarry, who must return, however great their desire and ability to go on. Guardians, remember, your sons and daughters must meet a different condition of living. Their surroundings are much different than yours were at your age. Let them proceed.

An Appreciation

Much should be said in regard to the wonderful patronage of this annual, but we find it exceedingly difficult to choose words which convey the deep gratitude felt toward our patrons. We have undertaken to say in a very simple way that we sincerely appreciate the great cooperation displayed by the community and school. We also heartily thank all advertisers and persons who have so kindly aided and directed us both editorially and financially.

The Old High School Build

A. D. 1868

The New High School Building

is in the process of construction, and will
be ready for occupancy this fall.

Memories 1923

School History

In the year 1911 the New Haven High School was established, and began with an enrollment of about forty or fifty students, Mr. B. H. Smith and Miss Irma Shordon superintended the work and in 1913 the first graduating class had completed their work. Those who received the first diplomas from N. H. H. S. were Thomas Harlor, Esther Brudi, Inez and Hazel Gorrell.

Before the second year's class graduated the High School was commissioned. Mr. B. H. Smith, Miss Florence Heit and Mrs. Bess (DeVilbiss) Dunten were the faculty. It was during this year that base ball and basket ball were first started. The teams did excellent work, says Mr. A. W. Heine (we wonder why). The basket ball champions were A. W. Heine, Ray Hutson, Joe Lantz, Morton Hathaway, Roscoe Grover and Bert Guinn. This year also marked the beginning of a debating club.

Each year the number of students increased and the need of more teachers was seen. They already had three and the next year another was added to the list—Miss Hostettler. The 1915 class was desirous of publishing an Annual, but failing to begin their work soon enough it could not be accomplished, so it remained for the class of '16 to carry this out. They were successful and published the "Ultimatum."

Mr. Smith remained at N. H. H. S. until '17. Then T. J. Blackman became superintendent. Miss Heit and Miss DeVilbiss still remained.

As years rolled on a greater number of pupils entered school and conditions became so crowded that a new high school was demanded. There was an addition built to the school in 1911 to meet the crowded condition at that time, but who could doubt the need of a new building when fifty-eight (58) Freshies entered school last fall (1922)? At present we have an enrollment of one hundred and ten (110). Our faculty number seven: J. T. DeLong, Superintendent, Ruby Oberlin, Principal, Rosza Tonkel, English, Domestic Science and Public Speaking; Thekla Wermuth, History and English, A. W. Heine, Science, Evelyn Walter, Music, and B. F. Clem, Manual Training.

The course offered in N. H. H. S. has been made more extensive each year and now it includes Latin, English, Mathematics, History, Science, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Manual Training and three subjects—grammar, public speaking and agriculture—which were added this year.

The Senior class of '23 which numbers eighteen (18), is the largest to receive diplomas from N. H. H. S. The members are Harriet Lake, President, Carrie Goeglein, Secretary, Carl Ga-

ble, Treasurer, Harold Daniles, Jessie Sheehan, Lucile Young, Roy Heath, Berniece Chausse, Zelda Richhart, Martin Sheehan, Ferd Bradtmueller, Gertrude Lare, Edrie Thomas, Germania Gerardot, Stanley Putman, Irvin Bell, Noel Smith and Nan Lantz.

ALUMNI OF N. H. H. S.

1913

Thomas Harlor, Chicago, Ill.
Inez (Gorrell) Grubb, Ft. Wayne.
Esther (Brudi) Elson, New Haven.
Hazel Gorrell, Fort Wayne, Ind.

1914

Wordon Sturm, New Haven, Ind.
Marion Todd, Manhattan, Kansas.
Helen Gorrell, bookkeeper, Ft. Wayne
Mabel (Robinette) Spreer, New Haven, Ind.
Gladys (Lantz) Rossolet, Ft. Wayne.
Francelia (Bandelier) Henry, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Erah (Bruick) Dannenfelser, deceased.
Ruth (Lantz) Moss, Boyne Falls, Michigan.

1915

Lucy (Bell) Lupke, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Aileen Ashley, bookkeeper, Ft. Wayne
Ray Hutson, student, Ada College.
Albert Heine, High School teacher, New Haven, Ind.
Erma Daniels, bookkeeper, New Haven, Ind.
Emma Heine, bookkeeper, New Haven, Ind.
Pearl Behrman, teacher, Ft. W
Willis Miller, mail carrier, Ft. Way
Ethel (Bandelier) Welbaum, Fort Wayne, Ind.

1916

Irma (Schnitker) Hutson, bookkeeper Edison Lamps, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Mildred Bowman, Payne, Ohio.
Homer Richhart, mail carrier, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Morton Hathaway, proprietor Vulcanizing Shop, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Elizabeth Powell, deceased.
Joe Lantz, expressman, Chicago, Ill.
Dean Frock, telegraph operator, Edgerton, Ind.
Rosco Miller, Pennsy. Shop, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Lester Heine, bus driver, New Haven.
Rosco Grover, farmer, Canada.

1917

Hazel Richhart, at home, New Haven.
Wilma Daniels, bookkeeper at Penn. Shops, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Ethel (Bolyard) Bandelier, New Haven, Ind.
Virginia Jackson, bookkeeper, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Mae Heine, registered nurse, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Leslie Riehle, Detroit, Mich.
Abbey McClure, teacher, Arcola, Ind.

1918

Effie Lucas, music teacher, New Haven, Ind.
Mildred (Harris) Linden, New Haven, Ind.

Memories 1923

Ralph Lenhart, student, Angola College.
Miranda (Grover) Ross, Canada.
Hugh Miller, at home.
Rudolph Bradtmueller, knitter, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Erma Rose, bookkeeper, New Haven.
Gladys Bandelier, teacher, New Haven
Cornelius Hellwarth, California.
Elwin Bandelier, farmer, New Haven.

1919

Elsie Bannister, Greenville, Ohio.
Harry Birkhold, New Haven, Ind.
Edna Poirson, bookkeeper, Ft. Wayne
Mabel (Hazelet) Springer, Ft. Wayne
Francelia Grover, student, Muncie.
Russell Poirson, apprentice, G. E. Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Everett Frock, teacher, Yoder, Ind.
Maude Evard, bookkeeper, New Haven, Ind.
Mabel Evard, bookkeeper, Ft. Wayne.
Bessie Chaussee, bookkeeper, G. E. Fort Wayne, Ind.
Byron Smith, student, Hillsdale College.

1920

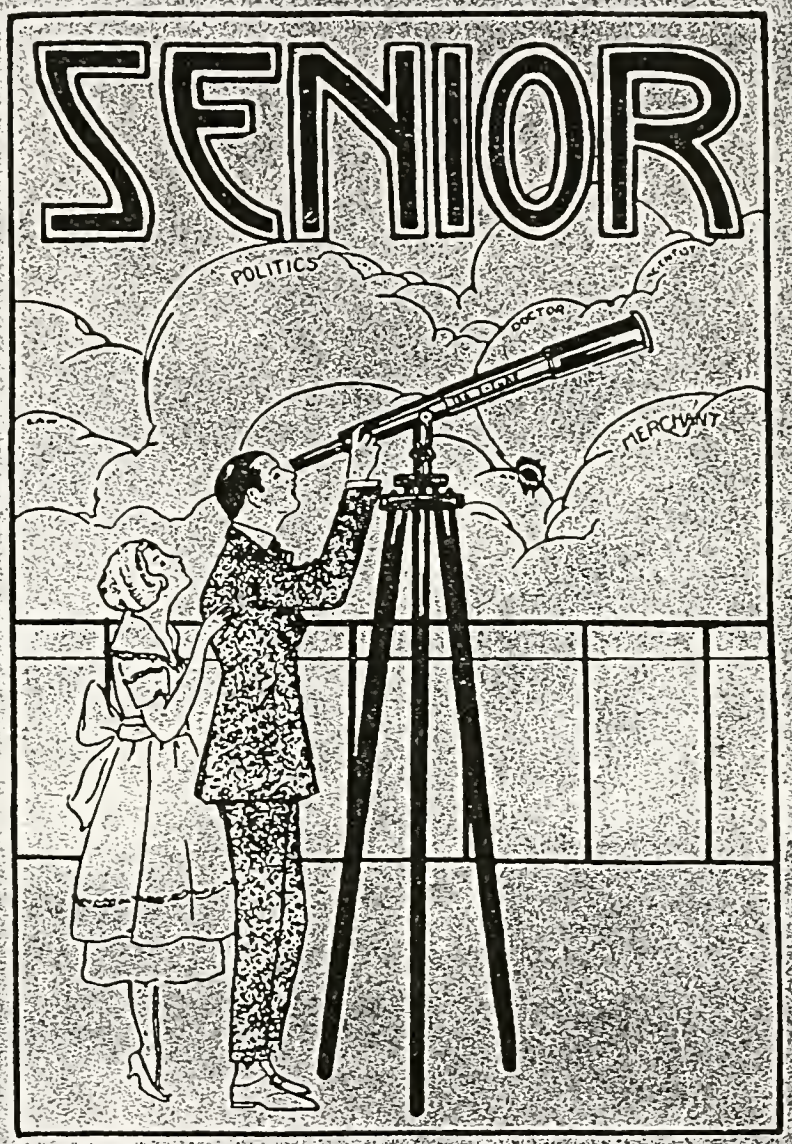
Herman Wielman, at home, New Haven, Ind.
Hilda Barrow, bookkeeper, Fort Wayne, Ind.
Harry Chausse, Bowsers, Fort Wayne.
Kenneth Mills, Columbus, Ohio.
Gladys Nail, teacher, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Velma Wolf.
Irvin Bandelier, farmer, New Haven.

1921

Ida Spencer, teacher, New Haven.
Naomi Lantz, teacher, Fort Wayne.
Marie Weilbaker, teacher, Ft. Wayne.
Velma. Bandelier, student, I. B. C., Fort Wayne.
Agnes Schnelker, teacher, Ft. Wayne.
Dorothy Darroch, teacher, New Haven, Ind.

1922

Robert Thomas, student, Ohio State.
Werner Young, student, Purdue.
Fred Wissman, student, Indiana.
Arthur Meyer, at home, New Haven.
Marion Lake, student, Adrian College.
Bryant Arnold, at home, New Haven.
Elva Zehr, cashier Steele Meyers, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Emily Evard, at home, Grabill, Ind.
Clara Wielman, nurses' training, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
Leota Koehlinger, student, I. B. C., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Elizabeth Bayman, student, Angola College.
Catherine Bayman, student, Angola College.


SENIOR
POLITICS
DOCTOR
MERCHANT

The Senior Summarium

CLASS OFFICERS

HARRIET LAKE	President
FERD. BRADTMUELLER	Vice President
CARRIE GOEGLEIN	Secretary
CARL GABLE	Treasurer
MR. DeLONG	Faculty Advisor

CLASS COLORS — Maroon and Silver

CLASS MOTTO — "Through Trials To Glory"

CLASS YELL

Zippety, Zappety, Zippety, Zappety,
Zippety, Zappety, Boom!
We've come; we're here; we're going;
Give us room.
Who are we? Can't you see?
New Haven High School
Class of '23.

Memories 1923

Class Officers

IRVIN BELL "Red"

"Memories" Staff

"The better part of valor is discretion."

BERNIECE M. CHAUSSE

Dramatic Editor of "Memories"

"Let us bear the ills we now have,
Than to fly to others we know not of."

FERDINAND BRADTMUELLER

"Ferd"

Basket Ball Team, 1919-1923.
Base Ball Team, 1919-1923.
Debating Team, 1922-1923.
Advertising Manager for Hi-Lite and Memories.

"Eventually, why not now?"

GERMANIA V. GERARDOT

Subscription Manager for Hi-Lite

"A live wire never gets stepped upon."

HAROLD A. DANIELS "Pud"

Basket Ball, 1919-1923.
Base Ball, 1920-1923.
Orchestra.

"He is great who confers the most benefits."

CARRIE GEOGLEIN "Speed"

Secretary, 1922-'23

Editor-in-chief of Hi-Lite and Memories

Basket Ball Team, 1919-1923

Orchestra

"Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown."

CARL D. GABLE "Gabriel"

Treasurer, 1922-'23

Circulation Manager of Hi-Lite and Memories

Debating Team, 1922-'23

"If you want a thing to be well done you must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others."

HARRIET I. LAKE "Shorty"

President, 1922-'23

Basket Ball Team, 1922-'23

"There is always room at the top."

ROY W. HEATH "Happy"

Basket Ball, 1922-'23

Historian for Memories

"One may smile and smile and be a villian."

NAN F. LANTZ "Nancy"

President, 1920-'22

News editor of Hi-Lite

"One must lead to be a leader."

STANLEY R. PUTMAN "Pete"

Captain Basket Ball Team 1922-1923

Captain Base Ball Team, 1922-'23

Orchestra

"Eat, drink and be merry."

GERTRUDE I. LARE "Gertie"

Secretary Junior Class, 1921-'22

"It is time to be old to take in sail and drift carefree."

MARTIN SHEEHAN "Mart"

Assistant Business Manager of Memories

Debating Team, 1922-'23

"Some are born great; some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

ZELDA J. RICHHART "Zel"

Captain Girls' Basket Ball Team, 1919-'23

Jokes editor of Hi-Lite and Memories

"Mirth is life's entertainer."

NOEL SMITH "Indian"

Business Manager for Hi-Memories

Basket Ball, 1919-'23

Orchestra

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

JESSIE M. SHEEHAN "Ussup"

Sports Editor of Hi-Lite and Memories

Basket Ball Team, 1919-'23

Treasurer, 1920-'22

Orchestra

"Sunshine makes the whole world smile."

LUCILE C. YOUNG "Ludy"

Society Editor of Hi-Lite and Memories

Basket Ball Team, 1919-'23

Orchestra

"If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well if it were done quickly."

EDRIE THOMAS "Ed"

Society Editor of Hi-Lite and Memories

Secretary of Class, 1919-'20

"There are tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."

Memories 1923

The Past

It was in the Fall of nineteen eighteen, that twenty and some Freshmen stepped upon the threshold of New Haven High School. It is hard for us now, as Seniors, to think that such a short time ago, we were Freshies, and are now about to part, after meeting some from far and near, centralized in this high school.

We shall never forget our early training, as it has put us a little closer to that great goal of life, for which each one is striving. Although the winters have drifted like flakes of snow, and the summers have flitted by, we feel as though we have done our part, and gained our share in the vast store of knowledge.

We, as a class, have encountered many difficulties, but we faltered not a trifle. We were but the tender flower of a valley, not yet tanned by the test of time, but it was not long until we turned a place of embarrassment into a welcome home.

It was hard for some of us to leave the sunshine and start to school in the beautiful fall, as the birds sang and nature beckoned to us, but we must sometimes sacrifice for the best.

The Freshman year was somewhat harder than the following, as we were not yet accustomed to the habits and nature of the school, but we were victoriously led over the top by our class president, Christopher Powell, who was aided by fellow officers and classmates.

During the year we had many parties and social gatherings, and thus, became acquainted. Our president was not able to finish his term on account of moving from the town, so we elected Nan Lantz to finish the term.

Our Sophomore year was started by electing Nan Lantz again as our faithful president. We held a number of parties, and had some very good times, although we must say it was accompanied by a full share of study. When talking about study, Caesar and all his army jump in front of us, and we wish someone would tell Miss Oberlin, our Latin teacher, that we never saw a pony.

The next year we were happy Juniors, spirited with the life of a perfumed flower. We again started the year by electing Nan Lantz as president, along with a full line of officers. As usual we held a number of parties, but this year we were out to accomplish greater things, and we sure showed people how.

In the early fall we held a Street Fair at the town hall, a long-planned-for event, and it was indeed pulled off in good style. In mentioning this event, we must not forget to credit the teacher and faculty for their great

Memories

interest and help. It proved to be a great social event, the hall being beautifully decorated with class colors and autumnal scenery.

With a helpful hand of money made by the Street Fair we planned a Junior party, to be held at the town hall a short time later. Every Junior class of Allen County was invited to attend, and it must be said that it was one of the most successful achievements of the High School. It not only served as a social time, but it drew the schools closely together in a bond of friendship.

Last, but certainly not least, we finally became Seniors. We were the class that tried to lead the way for others, and to set good examples to establish a better school.

There is nothing in the school that has ever come up toward which our class did not do it's share. In athletics we were most prominent, practically every member playing some par New Haven High School wa represented by Carl Gable, also ior, in the debating contest held in March in Fort Wayne. Along with our ranks, Gertrude Lare, really a Junior, will with a little extra study, gr uate.

The last year has been specifically designated by a High School paper entitled "Hi-Lite", edited by our class, and supervised by Carrie Geoglein, the Editor in Chief. Although we have put forth patient labor, we feel well rewarded for our work.

So much for the class of '23, but may the river of time be a wonderful stream as it blends in the ocean of years, and may our motto forever be remembered, "Be not of oppression and terror, but of Wisdom, of Peace, and of Liberty, upon which the world may gaze with admiration forever."

Roy Heath '23.

The Future

It was five o'clock of a bright morning in early April. The air, laden with oolness, dipping its clustering wings among the treetops, seemed sweeter than usual, while the silvery notes of a bugle echoed cheerfully thruout the far reaching camp.

We were at last on a road to a deceiving boundary, marching steadily with the wild beat of drums, while within us our hearts thumped with a patriotism of evermore. Our eyes were set in the distaince, but we saw only black rolling clouds, chipping off that purple and blue sky in huge dips of gray.

The first month of warfare with the Mexicans was light. It was not long

before I became wounded. Day after day I lay seriously ill, while my mind traveled in feverish dreams. In many of these I saw happy sights, a few of which may be of interest to others.

The night was mild, but I was racked with pain, even to the very point of exhaustion. Suddenly my head dropped feebly down, and dreamland shadowed over me. I saw far away across the ocean, a Russian wilderness, full of uprising people. Before those who were assembled in a body, was a tall young lady, a missionary, whom I take honor in naming Edrie Thomas. She talked deliberately to them, while beside her sat Germania Gerardot, a helper in the faithful cause, who would now and then foolishly wink at an Irish youngster.

Then swift as an arrow my fevered brain brought me back home, to a gay and fair city, Indianapolis. Down one of its broad streets came a gold and silver trimmed car, operated by Lucile Young, the late wife of a New York millionaire. When she saw me she held a glass to her eye, drew up the left side of her nose, and spoke with a curt "how'dy-do".

Looking over the city, I saw a large building. It was a shoe store. In front a sign read, "Geoglein and Company". In its employ was Stanley Putman, legal adviser and clerk.

Far over the country I saw a thin spiral of smoke, which I recognized as coming from the city of Fort Wayne. At times I seemed to be riding in a Ford, and then again on a freight train, but nevertheless I reached the city. Going down Calhoun street, I was hailed by an officer, really a woman cop. I was about to be arrested for speeding, when she said, "Don't you know me? I'm Nan Lantz. Look me over, kid! I'm from New Haven".

Farther down the street I finally halted beneath a sign which read, "Martin Sheehan, Lawyer and Minister". I always like a word with old friends, so I stepped in. He at once recognized me and gave me a cordial handshake. On his head sat a tall silk hat, while projecting out below it was a heavy crop of gray hair. He at the time was busy performing a marriage ceremony, so I was forced to leave.

On the next street corner was a peanut and popcorn stand. Upon making a purchase, I found the owner to be Jessie Sheehan. I easily recognized her by her beautiful red hair.

Just across the corner from this establishment was a shoe-shine parlor and news stand. In it Gertrude Lare was worknig. Whenever she had no customers, she would step to the door and yell, "Right this way, ladies and gentlemen, two shines for a nickel."

I had yet about an hour to spend in the city, so I determined to attend the Jefferson theatre. Flashed upon the screen I read "Noel Smith, a member

of the Zip-Zap Orchestra, will present some rare talent on the saxophone."

Quickly my mind switched to Washington, D. C., the one place that holds and binds our union. My first place to visti was the athletic club house, where I saw Harold Daniels and Jack Olicher engaged in their scheduled fight. I found the former to be the champion of the teeth climbing club.

Leaving here I met Berniece Chausse who was selling shaving soap and other small articles to raise the necessary cash to go into the dry goods business.

Regardless of all things, my mind traveled back to the old New Haven High School. As I viewed this, I saw Harriet Lake taking the place of Miss Oberlin, with practically the same habits, especially in taking down names of the naughty children. She was accompanied by Zelda Richhart, who made her appearance every music morning to give the students the time of music by the wave of her hand.

I was about to leave New Haven, but as usual I stopped at the Drug store, where I found Irvin Bell, now the owner and impatient clerk of the store formerly owned by Harry Purvis. To see him work I knew he was an experienced hand at mixing water and eating candy.

Still at home enjoying a free life, I saw Carl Gable who specialized in chickens. Every morning he was with his flock until his short, sweet wife, as he called her, stepped to the door and gave a call for breakfast.

After an interval I again dreamed that I saw Ferdinand Bradtmueller, a doctor, coming down the aisle to tend my wounds. Softfly he tried to put his hand on my forehead, but as usual he gave me a slap. I awoke. Ferd was not there, but was way back in the states, not a human doctor but the kind that looks after Fords.

Had this all been a dream? No, it was a message delivered by some superior power. My wounds still ached, but my heart was soothed with that beloved dream, knowing that my comrades and schoolmates were doing so well in a bountiful and illustrious future.

Roy Heath '23.

The Seniors

If you've heard the news, I suppose you know
That Harold dressed like Cicero.

Carrie, our noble laborer from morn 'till night,
Has helped our school see a new "Hi-Lite".

Lucile is New Haven's star in Basket Ball,
Her success we shall ever and ever recall.

"Modesty wins my admiration,"
Said Harriet before graduation.

Berniece, quiet, calm and ever sedate,
In an honorable graduation will partake.

Nan, with her wealth of bright hair,
Has chosen a course that is good and fair.

To go home at night, Stanley hasn't far,
But nevertheless he rides on the car.

Gertrude Lare is first here, then there,
And sometimes a laughing smile she'll wear.

We wonder what Irvin's life job will be,
We're rather sure because of the Pharmacy.

Memories 1923

Although Ferd lost in the debate,
He did well at any rate.

Snappy and lively and good all the year,
Is Zelda, even as bright as her hair.

We must admit Jessie's very flashy;
In basket ball a brave little lassie.

We wonder if Germania, a good teacher she'll be;
Be patient, kind friends, we shall soon see.

"Saxophones are sure nice," I heard Noel say,
You'd believe this statement if you'd hear him play.

Carl is stately, we know, and modest,
Yet he is withal witty at best.

Martin is gifted with argumentation,
Which seems to further his imagination.

Altho Edrie's voice sings low,
Her ambitions in oratory shall show.

In High School work, Roy had much skill,
And if you'd notice, had no time to kill.

By Gladys Nulf.

Senior Class Will

We, the Seniors of New Haven High School, of Allen County, State of Indiana, being the most extraordinary and studious class of this High School, do hereby make this our last will and testament.

We will and bequeath to the Juniors our dignity, the honor of joining the "Ethics Class of '24", and the privilege and right to continue the publishing of the Hi-Lite and Annual.

To the Sophomores our "pep", (especially when attending parties), punctuality, and our reputation of [illegible] ing our lessons.

To the Freshmen the right of keep- "steady company" with the Seniors, the privilege of using the laboratory for social and study purposes only.

To the Faculty a new clock for Assembly I, new and larger deportment books, red ink and cross looks.

Personal Bequests

I, Edrie Thomas, will and bequeath my talented voice and gestures to our prominent freshman, Inez Hatfield.

I, Carrie Geoglein, will my Latin pony and my hard earned credits to Paul Schuckman.

I, Harriet Lake, will my time to play to Douglas Blaising and Ernest Hyser.

I, Zelda Richhart, will my short growth to Raymond Young.

I, Berniece Chausse, will my talent to dance to Agnes Bell.

I, Lucile Young, will by privilege of staying out late at nights to Robert Burns.

I, Nan Lantz, will my ability to giggle to Martin Meyer.

I, Jessie Sheehan, will my title as "Dough Mixer" to Leola Bandelier.

I, Gertrude Lare, will my ability to graduate in three years to any one of the bright Freshmen.

I, Germania Gerardot, will my singing talent to Prof. Heine.

I, Noel Smith, will my old Saxophone to Mary Hutson, so I may get a new one to make my debut.

I, Stanley Putman, will my variety of hats to anyone in need of one.

I, Harold Daniels, will my pompadour to Douglas Blaising.

I, Roy Heath, will my position as the manager of Bowsers' to Chester Rhodes.

I, Irvin Bell, will my good nature and smiles to the serious members of the Junior class.

I, Carl Gable, will the privilege of taking the girls riding at noon hour in the summer months to Melville Blaising.

I, Martin Sheehan, will my private privileges and my ability to argue to Miss Wermuth.

I, Ferd Bradtmueller, will my po tion as Business Manager on the 1923 Memories Staff to Willard Lucas.

Germania Gerardot '23.

Your Ambition at Ten

1. Nan Lantz—To be able to play every kind of musical instrument.
2. Zelda Richhart—To be a dress-maker.
3. Lavilla Tillock—High School principal.
4. Edrie Thomas—To be a millionaire's wife.
5. Elizabeth Mills—Fancy dancer.
6. Germania Gerardot—Dishwasher at some hotel.
7. Olive Grover—Ambulance driver.
8. Lester Mills—Preacher.
9. Noel Smith—To be an actor like Rudolph Valentino.
10. Mildred Barrow—To be the wife of Robert Lunz.
11. Carrie Goeglein—To be an unmarried woman, head of an orphan asylum
12. Devon Phillips—To be good looking.
13. Willard Lucas—To be president of the U. S.
14. Walter Schnitker—To be a warbler.
15. Harold Daniels—To be what mother dictates.
16. Stanley Putman—To run a dairy.
17. Ern Hyser—To be a prize fighter.
18. Carl Gable—To run a taxi for girls only.
19. Harriet Lake—To be an auctioneer or sales crier.
20. Mary Hutson—A police woman.
21. Nellie Gable—To be a flapper.
22. Melville Blaising—To be ambassador to England.
23. Mr. Heine—A pencil sharpener.

Senior Snaps

The Junior Summarium

CLASS OFFICERS

WILLARD LUCAS - -	President
LAVILLA TILLOCK -	Vice President
HAZEL VIZARD - -	Secretary
BERNIECE MORRIS - -	Treasurer
FACULTY ADVISOR	Miss Rosza Tonkel

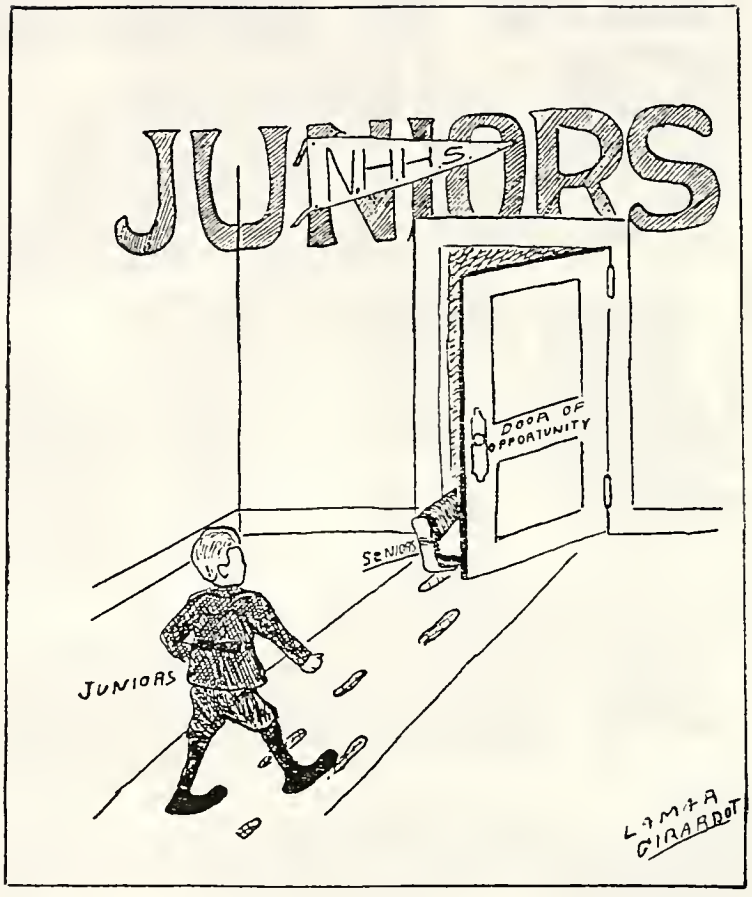
MOTTO "Any Direction, So Be It Forward"

COLORS - - - Blue and White

FLOWER - - - Pink Rose

CLASS YELL

One — Nine — Two — Four.
We've done a lot—let's do more.
We always work with all our might,
Look out! Here comes the Blue and White.


JUNIORS
N.H.H.S.
DOOR OF OPPORTUNITY
SENIORS
JUNIORS
LAMAR GIBARROT

Memories 1923

Class Officers

Junior Class

First row: Devon Phillips, Berniece Morris, Claude Null, Lavilla Tillock, Willard Lucas, Hazel Vizard.
Second row: Olive Grover, Arneda Winner, Leola Bandelier, Gladys Nulf, Gertrude May.
Third row: Lester Mills, Paul Schuckman, Esther Bandelier, Arnold Peters, Melville Blaising.

Memories

Class History

By Lavilla Tillock

We, the members of the Junior Class of 1923, can well remember the day when we first entered the N. H. H. S. as Freshies. With our books under our arms we gayly tripped to school, feeling very dignified and important. But this did not endure very long for when we saw our upper classmen we soon faded away into the background. Nevertheless we organized and elected the following officers: Lavilla Tillock, President; Willard Lucas, Vice President; Berniece Morris, Secretary; Lester Mills, Treasurer.

After things had settled down we came up for air and found that we had an enrollment of twenty-nine, namely: Esther Bandelier, Leola Bandelier, Melville Blaising, Gertrude May, Willard Lucas, Gertrude Lare, Berniece Morris, Gladys Nulf, Arnold Peters, Paul Schuckman, Kenneth Sturms, Velma Daily, Charlotte Van Tochine, Lavilla Tillock, Lester Mills, Olive Grover, Arneda Winner, Hazel Jackson, Mary Price, Jessie Girardot, Pearl Witwer, Adelia Wolfe, Muriel Thompson, John Arnold, Louis Schwink, Donald Manner, Louis Ladig, Erma Kain, Nelson Furthmiller. Before the end of the year we had lost seven members, leaving us with an enrollment of twenty-two. On Valentine Day we showed our school spirit by entertaining the High School and Faculty. A number of class parties, all of which were successful, were given by different members.

After our vacation we returned as Sophomores ready for work and fun. At our first class meeting we raised the following members to the exalted position of class officers: Willard Lucas, President; Lavilla Tillock, Vice President; Gertrude Lare, Secretary; Gladys Nulf, Treasurer. The Sophomore class had twenty-one members. During the year DeVon Phillips joined us but two of our number left. Undaunted we battled through the year and came out victorious.

When we came back to High School as Junoirs we were glad to see our old standbys and also a new member, Hazel Vizard, who has shown her class spirit by the hearty support she has given us. The officers for the year were: Willard Lucas, President; Lavilla, Tillock, Vice President; Hazel Vizard, Secretary; Berniece Morris, Treasurer.

During the year we lost two members which left us wtih the present enrollment of sixteen, thirteen of whom have gone through High School together. Gertrude Lare, who started with us as a Freshman, has taken the four year course in three and will graduate with the Seniors of '23. The members of the Junior Class of '23 are

the following: Esther Bandelier, Leola Bandelier, Melville Balising, Gertrude May, Willard Lucas, Gladys Nulf, Paul Schuckman, Lavilla Tillock, Berniece Morris, Lester Mills, Olive Grover, Arneda Winner, Hazel Vizard, DeVon Phillips, Claude Null and Arnold Peters.

As Juniors we have undertaken but two financial enterprises, both of which were a great success and we also put out one edition of the Hi-Lite.

Next year—well, wait and see what we will do.

Class Prophecy

Coming events cast their shadows before, and this is especially true of the class of '24 of the N. H. H. S., whose shadows loom large and portentious over the land, and whose interest in affairs, State, National and Local, will have so much to do with the destiny of the American Commonwealth. In a modest way I, Berniece Morris, the Seeress, Phrenologist, and general forcaster of events of world and national importance, will set forth the mighty and weighty deeds undertaken and accomplished by the members of this stellar organization of the N. H. H. S. which has reflected honor and glory on their Alma Mater and the city whose privilege has been to shelter their adolescent years.

A brief acount of myself before I pass to others more worthy would be no more than a matter of justice to the average intelligence. Who does not remember the accurate forcast made by me and published in all the journals of the civilized world regarding the discovery of rational and intelligent beings on the planets Venus and Mercury, and the subsequent corroboration of this forcast by that competent astronomer, the Honorable Paul Schuckman, V. T.? In ordinary school days Paul gave some promise of making his mark in life as he could by his bean-pole like propensities reach higher than the rest and so put his mark up where no one could erase or mar it; but no one thought he would eventually reach the Heavens and leave a mark there that time itself cannot erase. But by reaching higher and higher he was at last enabled to lay his head on those elusive planets and prove conclusively that they are inhabited, thus insuring to himself an eternal niche in the hall of fame.

In contra distinction to Paul we remark the wonderful abilities of Willard Lucas who realizing there was no chance for him in realms celestial, de-

cided to make his mark in the terrestrial sphere and whose discoveries of the value and growth of grasses and dandelions was made while lying supine beneath the shadow of a plantain leaf on an early June day.

The abilities of the members of the class were not confined to scientific achievements as witness the remarkable success of Lester Mills who early in life decided that his forte was in making glad the children of men and amply exemplified his school day characteristic of being a monkey by performing as the chief and only actor in a show whose attendance rivaled "The Main Tent" and whose sole performance was consuming enormous quantities of peanuts. In fact such was his ability in this line that the peanut crop in Virginia was soon exhausted and the foreign market vastly stimulated.

Within the same organization and materially contributing to its phenominal success were also enrolled the following members of the class whose lives as adult citizens of the country were forcast by their schoolday characteristics: Hazel V. who occupied a tent just across the midway and whose claim to distinction is that when she is in the tent there is no room for anyone else and that spectators are compelled to line up around the tent and as they pass the entrance receive a passing view of the fattest woman in the world. But such is fame that there never is a dearth of curious spectators at any performance of the circus. The stellar role of the concert which is always given after the "Big Show" is held by that superb warbler, Gladys N., whose notes when she is really inspired, make the orioles turn green with envy and the mocking bird hush his melody and seek some secluded nook there to grieve and sigh at the mediocre quality of his song. When Gladys sings, nature holds its breath and if she were to sing long enough she (nature) would expire through sheer exhaustion (take this as you like). As an accompanist to the soloist is that eminent cornetist, Devon P. who can produce sounds upon the cornet that will rival all barnyard folks, in fact so true to life is his rendering of the "Farewell Wail of a Departing Calf" as it departs in the butcher's wagon, bidding goodbye to its mamma and the agonizing bawling of the "mamma" in return, that the show to prevent damage suits now in advertising him requests all persons within a radius of ten miles to stuff the ears of their cows with cotton on the days of the show so that the cows will not commit suicide thru mistake.

The necessity of illumination by night and for strong light in the day to be used for tableaux and other calcium light effects is of course recognized by all managers of an organization of this sort and, too, it is neces-

sary to keep all expenses at a minimum, so where nature supplies an abundance of natural illumination, why resort to the artificial? This problem was soon easily and economically solved when the management became acquainted with Esther Bandelier, and by erecting a pedestal for her to gracefully pose upon, an added scenic attraction was afforded.

As every circus that is of any force has to have a calliope and perforce the calliope must have an operator, we see there as artisan-in-chief and music extractor the talented Melville Blaising. His early training here proved that nothing ever is lost but only altered, for while sometimes in school years it seemed he could play, now from the volume of sound produced we know he can. His early business training enabled him to sell himself at a remunerative price to the management.

Another highly advertised part of the Show is the slow race. As a drawing card there is a standing offer of a $1000.00 premium to any outsider who can enter and win the race, but when they see a list of the entries in this classic event there are few persons who have the time or patience to contend. When Gertrude May enters on the six foot stage set for the race with the six snails which are furnished by the management to compete with her, and it is a well known fact that several snails have finished first and then starved to death while waiting on Gertrude to finish the race, would-be competitors are discouraged and withdraw their entries. While in contra distinction to this slow race there is furnished a fast race in which the challenger is another Gertrude, Gertrude Lare, whose reputation for speed is just as highly extolled in glaring lithographs as any single actor upon the staff of the "Greatest on Earth", and competition is just as scarce, for when the circular course is laid out and the exhibition is given and all see that she is an all around runner, the courage and conceit of the bravest fails and and she wins hands down for sheer lack of competition.

The crying need of any midway of a circus is a spieler or ballyhoo artist, and while in the ancient days the only persons permitted to serve as such were of the male sex, in these days of equal suffrage the ladies have come into their own and so we find Leola B. Chief of the Spielers and Queen of the Ballyhooers. The line of gaff she can hand out is not only entertaining and exciting but has the added value of gathering the kale from the hicks and so she indeed is a true exponent of the truism that holds "As the twig is bent the tree inclines".

Energetic, but effectively concealing it in school days, no one would have thought the director of activities in the ring was one old time friend, Arnold Peters. But behind his stiff hat and

under his kinky mustache we can perceive some of his previous facial characteristics, and when he snaps his big whip all know that here is a controller of destinies.

This accounts for all those members who have aspired to fame on the sawdust ring and now for a brief resume of those remaining members who have become notable in other lines.

Lavilla Tillock, after serving her apprenticeship as a ticket-taker in a movie and thus becoming familiar with the outline of the work, consented to enter the silent drama as a supernumerary, but after a few weeks of actual experience her ability as an entertainer and actress was so marked that the greatest producers of the age were falling over each other in an effort to secure her services. She shoots across the film sky as one of its most brilliant stars.

Thinking that the Silent Drama might be the place for her and being unaware of immense possibilities for verbosity lying latent within her soul, Arneda Winner first assayed that field. After a few months' experience her capabilities as a linguist so developed that it was decided her place was the legitimate stage, and so she transferred to that field, for no movie could be silent where she acted.

Olive Grover, who was so silent in school that no one could gue. to what height she might aspire, is one of the most noted and prolific writers of stories for children. As she is small and kiddish herself, she fully understands the child psychology and can entertain them hour after hour with stories rivaling "Mother Goose" and "Grimm" of fairy-tale renown.

Claude Null, who developed a distinct liking for basket ball while a student in N. H. H. S., went on and as a star in this game, becoming so proficient that he was solicited as a player by all the stellar organizations in the U. S. A. Finally he acquired such proficiency and dexterity that whenever he was in the lineup of any team the game was always forfeited by the opposing team, for a forfeit was preferred to sure defeat. Indeed such became the fear of all when this most noted player was announced that for the good of the game he deserted it and took up barn yard golf as a diversion, and ringers at five hundred feet were his usual shot.

Such, dear reader, is the future of the class of '24 of N. H. H. S. If you are sceptical of this prophecy I can only suggest that you live long enough to see it all developed as forcasted.

Sincerely yours in the incontestible science of astrology,

Berniece Morris.

Junior Athletics

The Junior girls and boys have played an important part in the High School Athletics of the past year. Claude, who was a main stay of the varsity five and one of the highest point getters on the team, played in almost every game. "Wid" subbed for the first team at the tournament and several of the home games. The second team consisted almost entirely of Junior boys. Since these boys will constitute part of the first team next year we are looking forward to a successful season. In base ball Claude and "Wid" filled important positions at left field and short stop, respectively. several of the Junior girls played on the girls' varsity. Lavilla Tillock held the position of Side Center and was always on hand to get the tip off. Hazel Vizard played backguard and broke many of the offensive plays on the enemy. They no doubt will be regulars on next year's squad.

Memories 1923

Things One Never Sees

Esther Bandelier—with pale green hair.

Leola Bandelier—playing basket ball.

Melville Blaising—pole vaulting.

Gertrude May—disorderly.

Willard Lucas—wearing long trousers.

Berniece Morris—getting a U.

Gladys Nulf—feeling good.

Paul Schuckman—in a hurry.

Lavilla Tillock—with bobbed hair.

Lester Mills—with a straight face.

Olive Grover—getting excited.

Arneda Winner—agreeing with the rest of the class.

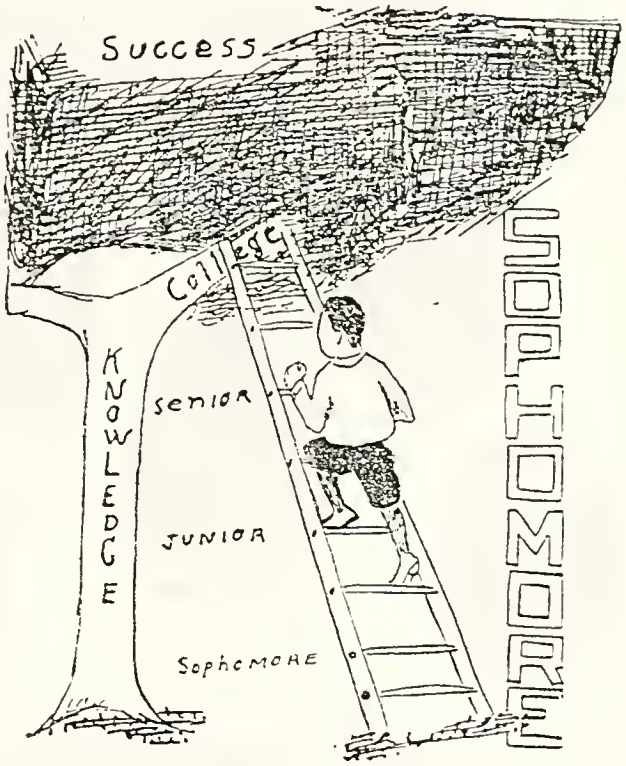
DeVon Phillips—arriving at school on time.

Hazel Vizard—without her geometry lesson.

Claude Null—playing his trombone.

Arnold Peters—playing marbles.

Junior Snaps


Success
College
KNOWLEDGE
SENIOR
JUNIOR
SOPHOMORE
FRESHMORE

The Sophomore Summarium

CLASS OFFICERS

SMITH THOMAS - - President
ERNEST HYSER - Vice President
WALTER SCHNITKER Secretary-Treasurer
HARRY ERICK - Sergeant at Arms

CLASS MOTTO
"Before Us Lies The Timber, Let Us Build"

CLASS COLORS - Old Rose and White

CLASS FLOWERS Pink and White Roses

CLASS YELL

Bing; Bam; Zing; Zam;
Try to beat us if you can.
Are we in it?
Well, I guess.
Class of '25
Yes! Yes! Yes!

FACULTY ADVISOR Miss Ruby Oberlin

SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Margaret Ehrmann, Walter Schnitker,
Smith Thomas, Katie Weilbaker

Memories 1923

Class Officers

Sophomore Class

First row—(Sitting) Harry Erick, Ernest Hyser, Smith Thomas, Walter Schnitker. Second row—(Standing) Allen Chaurse, Lucile Mason, Blanche Kuyoth, Norma Bandelier, Berniece Butler, Agnes Bell, Jean Morris.
Third row—(Standing) Katie Weilbaker, Douglas Blaising, Margaret Ehrmann, Robert Lunz, Velma Heath.

History of the Sophomore Class

Margaret Ehrman

We, as Freshmen, came into good old N. H. H. S. in September, nineteen hundred twenty-one with radiant faces but we felt rather "weak in the knees". Facing the problem squarely, we began at full tilt with an enrollment of twenty-four, namely: Norma Bandelier, Mildred Barrow, Agnes Bell, Douglas Blaising, Bernice Butler, Allen Chausse, Philip Ehinger, Margaret Ehrman, Harry Erick, Nelson Furthmiller, Velma Heath, Ernest Hyser, Blanche Kuyoth, Louis Ladig, Manfred Lamont, Robert Luntz, Lucile Mason, Jean Morris, Walter Schnitker, Louis Schwink, Opal Stauffer, Smith Thomas, Katie Weilbaker, Agnes Westrick and Carl Zehr.

Since that time a number of our comrades have left us: Nelson Furthmiller, Agnes Westrick, Louis Ladig, Manfred Lamont, Louis Schwink, Opal Stauffer (who is attending High School at Harlan) and Carl Zehr (who is now attending South Side High School of Fort Wayne).

Under Miss Oberlin's helpful guidance, we selected the following officers: Katie Weilbaker, president; Smith Thomas, vice-president; Harry Erick, treasurer; Lucile Mason, secretary. Pink and white roses were chosen as class flowers and old rose and white as class colors.

Although we worked very diligently we had our share of fun. Our first party was a Hallowe'en party, held at Lucile Mason's home, which proved a decided success. The rooms were decorated in Hallowe'en fashion and games were enjoyed by all, after which a delicious lunch was served.

During the Christmas Holidays a party was held at the home of Harry Erick, at which we all enjoyed ourselves immensely.

The class took advantage of the first snow fall and had a bob-sled party. Starting from Harry Erick's home we rode out to Allen Chausse's home where we enjoyed games and a delightful lunch.

Our class entertained the Faculty and High School, April the twenty-sixth, in the High School Building. This party also proved a distinct success.

On the last day of school we enjoyed a picnic in the woods north of the Wayne-Haven school. This ended our social activities for the Freshman year.

In September, 1922, we came back, well qualified for the tasks assigned and feeling profoundly assured that we had passed the degree of "Freshie". We all entertained the highest hope of mastering the dreaded "Caesar" and

began working at it with quenchless zeal.

We re-elected officers and elected members for a Social Committee. The latter are as follows: Katie Weilbaker, Walter Schnitker, Smith Thomas and Margaret Ehrmann.

A marshmallow and wiener bake was held at the home of Agnes Bell. Although there were not many members of the class present, those who were there had a delightful time.

Our Sophomore class entertained the Faculty and High School at a Hallowe'en masquerade party at the Town Hall. Everybody came masked and all had a delightful time trying to guess the other's identity. Foolish prizes were given for the best masked persons. Miss Oberlin won the first prize, Miss Friedline the second, and Blanche Kuyoth and Berniece Butler won the booby prizes.

The whole Sophomore class is interested in athletics, and several members have filled important positions on the teams. We also have several musicians in the orchestra.

We hope we will have more such active members in the other school organizations in our future years in N. H. H. S.

The Daily Routine of a Studious Sophomore

Kate Weilbaker

I, without vanity may say, I am a studious Sophomore of N. H. H. S. I come to school about 8:20 on the bus furnished for the purpose of bringing such studious persons as I to school. After a short interval of 25 minutes, spent in racing about the assembly room collecting geometry proofs and sometimes Latin translations, I am summoned to my assembly with the rest of my fellow sufferers. As I march into Assembly I, my path is often obstructed by a stream of freshmen entering Room II to attend Mr. Heine's Botany Class. As I reach the main room I see another crowd of freshmen hurrying into Room I to attend Miss Wermuth's Algebra Class, where they sometimes spend the period working algebra, but more often listening to scathing rebukes about their "absurd excuses". At the same time I hear the English III students clattering down the stairs and making a beeline to Room IV, which as you know, is located over the seventh and eighth grade rooms. There Miss Tonkel teaches them Oral English, which is indicated by their audacious speeches before the assembly.

There in Assembly I I sit and prepare my lesson for the following period. When the 45 minutes elapses, Miss Oberlin, assembly teacher, rings the bell and I again change my place. I make my way, as soon as possible, to my English class where the students, with Miss Wermuth as their rudder, sail through the wine-dark sea to visit the island of Ogygia and listen to the wailing of Odysseus, interrupted only by the returning English III students and the English IV students as they stalk through our class room on their way to the 4th room, where they discuss the law of compensation. You will ask what this means, you who are undergraders like I, but alas, "To speak vain words is ill". The second section of algebra is well settled down by this time in Room I where they, under the guidance of Miss Oberlin, study the rudiments of algebra. As the Juniors say, "Can you imagine Miss Oberlin without her algebra Class, or conversely the algebra students without Miss Oberlin?"

With the end of this period the English IV students return and go to their respective classes, namely Latin IV, taught by Miss Oberlin, where the ambitious Vergil students hold above their heads the light of intelligence(?) and chant: "Sit lux apud puellas et pueros". While the Latin IV students are planning to shed light on the more unfortunate students, I with the remainder of the Geometry Class enter my classroom, where urged on by Mr. DeLong, we plan to startle the world

by the infinity of our knowledge. As I listen to a treatise on polygons, I can almost picture Miss Wermuth with a flock of Marmion students hurrying down the street to her class room and, when everything is quiet, Miss Wermuth sings out, "Scan the first line!" At the same time the Agriculture Class converse with Mr. Heine in Room II where they discuss their ambitious plans, Mr. Heine running a close second. (Or why have they dubbed him "Ambitious"?) With the dismissal of the above classes comes the beginning of the fourth period. I snatch my Latin notebook and with my Caesar text hugged close, hasten (?) to class. Once in class and well settled, Miss Oberlin, greatly incensed, threatens the poor pony riders, the unbelievers, with "He who laughs last, laughs best'" At the same time, I neglected to say, the first section of English I returns, and takes up room in the assembly.

At the entrance of Section I the students in the second section make an unequaled rush for the door. (But whether they are stimulated by a desire to be on time or to get out ofthe assembly, I have never been able to discover). But not less important are the people who attend class in the laboratory where Mr. Heine propounds scientific problems to the awed students. At the end of this period I amble into Assembly II where the famished students, sometimes forced to wait on the assembly teacher, raise proverbial "Cain" until dismissed.

During the noon hour the girls chatter like magpies, sometimes singing and playing, while the boys engage in a ball game in Room I. Of course, if by chance the orchestra tunes up, every one yields to the charm of the music. But music will not delay the oncoming classes.

At the last bell I move swiftly along the hall and, entering the classroom, prepare to spend the period in diligent concentration on "short cuts" in commercial arithmetic. During this period, Assembly II is occupied by the Latin I students who, working unceasingly, pine for the next year to come when they may delve into the longed for Caesar text, to find—what do you think—Caesar and his horse, of course. But the Geometry III people have no such goal to look forward to unless perchance an unfortunate person fails, in which case he has the privilege of taking it over the next year. At this time the Freshmen boys visit the manual training shop and u Mr. Clem's irreproachable mana ment, make many useful things. But to return to the program, I again enter Assembly II. There Miss Wermuth history teacher, steers us across the foreign lands and desert sands, until we reach that country made famous by recent excavations. Once there, we penetrate King Tut's tomb and emerg-

ing, proclaim to the more unfortunate students the secrets of this mysterious realm. I have only started on my journey when the Botany I people, in Room I, make a horrible outburst, which we later find to be the laughter over the newest joke on Mr. Heine. But haven't I forgotten a class? Yes, the Public Speaking Class. It is in this class that the splendid debating teams are coached by Miss Tonkel. After I again reach my homeland and my lesson has been assigned, I am dismissed, feeling rather gay, since it is my last class. But there are two more periods in which to study. The first I spend in Assembly II generally preparing an English lesson. After the return of the Public Speaking Class the Grammar and History III people assemble with Miss Oberlin and Miss Wermuth, respectively.

Undoubtedly the intellectual fires are still to be kept burning and the constructive ideas kept growing since the Domestic Science girls and the second section of manual training boys meet with their instructors at this time.

But all too soon the period is over and I again do assembly work on my various studies. At this last period the civics students, law makers of the morrow, assemble in Room I and strive to learn the various duties of good citizens. Just as I am well through with my tasks, the bell rings and I am dismissed. After putting on my coat and gathering up my books, I pace down the steps endeavoring to be on time for that convenient conveyance—the omnibus. But when I reach the aforesaid bus I find that they are waiting. I know that I have lagged in the halls of intelligence too long, when I am greeted with "No seats, you'll have to stand!"

Sophomore "Pep" Directory

The Sophomore class, although one of the smallest classes in the High School, is by no means the weakest when it comes to athletics. The Sophomores did not organize a class team this year on account of the scarcity of its players. Next year we expect to take all the class honors, besides filling important positions on the Varsity—that is, filling the positions vacated by the students who are leaving and who are sincerely mourned by all true blue sportsmen.

The Sophomores are represented in every phase of athletics; on the basket ball floor, and on the base ball grounds where they help to uphold the New Haven High School banner.

On the basket ball floor the Sophomore boys were represented by "Mike" the Varsity floor guard, "Butch", the star foreward on the second string, and "Duke", holding down the center position on the second line-up. The base ball battery is composed entirely of members of the Sophomore class. "Mike" occupies the mound, "Duke" the farmer catcher, now playing first baseman with remarkable skill, and "Butch" serving as catcher.

The Sophomore girls were represented in basket ball by Blanche Kuyoth and Katie Weilbaker. Blanche played running center with remarkable dexterity during the greater part of the season, and Katie served as sub guard always ready to fill a vacancy wherever she was needed.

The Future

Although both the boys' and girls' team will suffer by the loss of former players of this season, those left will be ready to fill the vacancies and take on the responsibility of putting their respective team to the front the oncoming year. The same old standbys, mentioned above, will be used next year together with the more promising subs.

What Does a Name Signify

Sweeny—Ancestor of weeny—Hot Dog!
Mills—A small value—1-10 of a cent.
Gable—A part of a building—smallest at top.
Lake—A body of water surrounded by mud.
Morris—A comfortable seat—(in furniture).
Grover—derivative of grove—a pleasant spot.
Vizard—descendant of Wizard—supernatural.
Winner—win by hook or crook.
Oberlin—an institution of advanced knowledge.
Blaising—fiery but harmless.
Hieman—hi-high man (this time it's a woman).
Smith—an expert mechanic, developing jazz.
Nulf—nuf—'nuf said.
Wissman—wis-wish-castles in the air.
Lantz—Lance—a dangerous weapon to handle.
Erick—rick-wreck—recklessness.
Rhoades—according to season, good or bad.
Null—Webster says "amounting to nothing."
Butler—a servant always wanting a tip.
Bell—a noisy contraption, rings long after struck.
Tustison—Tut son, king Tut's descendant probably.
Frock—a rich attire, makes scenery better.

Sophomore Snaps

FRESHMEN

LAMAR GIBARDOT

The Freshman Summarium

CLASS OFFICERS

LAMAR GERARDOT - -	President
BERTHA TUSTISON -	Vice President
CORA HAZELET - -	Secretary
RAYMOND YOUNG - -	Treasurer
FACULTY ADVISOR -	Miss Wermuth

CLASS COLORS - Rose and White

CLASS MOTTO "Non progredi est regredi"

CLASS YELL

Bing! Bam! Boom!
Ye haita give us room.
We're big, we're strong,
We'll get along,
Class of '26
Come On!

Memories 1923

Class Officers

Freshman Class

First row—(Sitting) Raymond Young, Bertha Tustison, Lamar Girardot, Cora Hazelet, (Standing) Harold Berkheiser, Glen Castle. Second row—Clarence Bell, Robert Lare, Mildred Berkheiser, Lela Nail, Louise Wutzler, Nellie Gable, Ruth Hoetzer, Francis Mourey, Ruth Smith. Third row—Herman Nahrwold, Kenneth Sweeney, Charles Null, Edith Null, Marie Gerardot, Evelyn Frock, Elizabeth Mills, Frieda Nahrwold. Fourth row—William Dullaghan, Owen Richhart, Florence Schaaf, Martin Meyer, Marie Repp, Crystal Guillaume, Ernest Weise, Geraldine Sorg, Velma Hermann, Joseph Brouwer. Fifth row—Inez Hatfield, Iola Johnson, Herbert Wissman, Ruth Goeglein, Mary Hutson, Lucile Herman, Frieda Busse, Raymond Grieser. Sixth row—Chester Rhodes, LaVerne Winner, Ralph Richards, James Allen, Robert Burns.

A Good Start

On September 6, boys and girls, fifty-two in number, entered the doors of New Haven High School to begin their first years.

After a few months, a class meeting was held and the following officers were elected: La Mar Girardot, president; Bertha Tustison, vice-president; Cora Hazelet, secretary; Raymond Young, treasurer.

On the evening of March 22, a party for everyone attending New Haven High School was given by the Freshman class. Games were played and later in the evening refreshments were served. The party was proclaimed a complete success.

Under careful instructions of the faculty, Mr. DeLong, Miss Oberlin, Miss Tonkel, Miss Wermuth and Mr. Heine, the Freshman class of '26 has made great progress in their tudies.

Several students have left the class including: Ida Werling, Harriet Slagle, Katherine Stauffer and Edgar Longardner, but we sincerely hope that no more will leave and more will enter.

Each one of the Freshmen has great aims in mind, and is determined to keep a good standard in the school years to come.

Memories 1923

Freshman Diary

SEPTEMBER

5—Fifty-two Freshies have entered the "Halls of Knowledge."

6—Miss Oberlin thinks half of the Freshies should go back to eighth grade.

7—Miss Oberlin changes her mind.

8—Cora sacrifices her hair.

13—Friday, the thirteenth, always was unlucky—we had our first Latin test.

21—Faculty couldn't handle Freshies, so they brought in Miss Wermuth.

22—Where! oh! where! are the verdant Freshies? On a hike enjoying the greens with Mr. Heine.

OCTOBER

2—Freshman hold first class meeting.

3—Ross Meyers begins his first vacation. (Ain't it grand to be smart.)

5—Everyone of us getting Algabractis.

7—William Dullaghan follows Ross's example.

11—Miss Wermuth promised us a sand pile with all of its equipments.

25—Had a fire drill. Mr. Heine complimented on his presence of mind—he even saved his hat.

NOVEMBER

3—Mary Hutson accidently slipped and fell down the steps. Not much damage done.

4—Freshmen class officers appointed.

8—Betty Mills follows Cora's example.

15—Had our first snow fall. Oh, Boy!

20—Too cold for Ross Meyers to come to school.

26-27—We all stay at home.

DECEMBER

3—Freshmen beginning to write their letters to Old Santa.

5—Marie Girardot has hair bobbed.

10—Fire goes out in furnace—consequently intellectual fires go out. School dismissed.

15—Back to school—"things" warming up.

23—Juniors brought Santa Claus to school and he gave us all "lolly-pops."

Memories 1923

JANUARY

3—Happy New Year!

5—Nellie Gable has her hair bobbed.

6—So does Geraldine Sorge.

10—A few Freshmen witnessed the installation of a fountain in the laboratory. (Miss Oberlin liked the effect but Mr. Rich didn't.)

26—Oh! dear! those lovely tests we like so well, come around again.

FEBRUARY

1—Freshmen watch Mr. Heine and Miss Friedline. No wonder we have such long necks.

5—Mr. Heine's temper at its heighth. Bad for us.

15—Raymond Young cut his small finger while sharpening a pencil. An ambulance was called at once. Doctor said his improvement not doubtful.

26—"Bob" Morris enrolled in our class today. Faculty has great hope for him.

MARCH

16—Members of the Freshman class attended Majestic Theatre to see "Robin Hood".

22—Freshmen gave party for High School and Faculty. Miss Wermuth chaperoned.

25—Clarence Bell for the first time worked his lessons without assistance.

APRIL

5—Ruth Hoetzer lost her "finger nail weapon" while she was in a nervous disposition.

8—Mary Hutson sent back from English class for bad behavior.

11—Latin does not recite today. Whoopee!!!

13—Beginning to break our cameras by taking pictures of the Faculty for annuals. (Especially Mr. Heine.)

16—First touch of spring. Oh! those "Baseball Blues".

17—For the first we saw Al's new "Lizzie".

18—First base ball game.

19—No school. A terrible flood reigns o'er the school.

20—No school.

23—Back to hard work again.

What the Freshman Would Like to See

A Hi-Lite off press each week.
A Senior sit next to a Freshman.
A Senior with dignity.
Money of their own.
A Latin pony.
More parties given.
Mr. DeLong make Melville Blaising quit teasing us.
Anyone get something over us.
Edrie Thomas without her dignity.
Ourselves in the new school.
Harold Daniels without a smile.
Noel Smith play his "saxie" standing still.
Zelda Richhart get a bawling out from Mr. Heine.
Miss Wermuth give Paul Schuckman a piece of her mind.
Pete Putman in a dress suit.
Hazel Vizard not whispering.
Clarence Bell get his lessons without someone helping him.
Gertrude Lare walk faster.
Harold Berkheiser grow taller.
Mary Hutson get skinny.
Lela Nail lisp.
Some good pictures of the Seniors.
Martin Sheehan as a Sheik.
The Freshman Class be the pride of the school.

Freshman Snaps

Memories 1923

A Vision

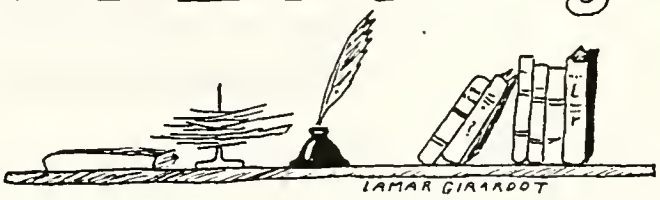
Carrie Goeglein

One morning the little Plymouth colony on the bleak New England shore was lifted out of its daily routine by a simple maiden of Puritan birth, to the possibilities that lay before it. She had stood on the huge rock that marked the landing of her little tho' courageous band and looked out across the great unexplored region of our United States with a vision supernatural. She returned to the village to tell her story to her family. The father felt that his daughter's vision might be an inspiration for greater work and asked that she be permitted to tell it to the general assembly. Imagine, if you can, a girl of sixteen, slight in stature and fair-haired, telling the following story to those austere and stern fathers who at intervals would shake their heads gravely and remark "Only the product of a deranged brain".

Looking Westward I beheld a land wrapt in utmost wilderness and a savage race the kind which renders civilization almost impossible, some of whom knelt as if a god were in their midst when our ship landed. Behind me in the harbor the Mayflower rode at anchor, and this thought impressed me—however secure we are in religious freedom we are threatened with another danger—the encroachment of the Indians. I saw our Captain Miles Standish like a David slay an Indian giant and bring him back to our camp.

Looking down the coast I saw Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams leave Rhode Island, for dearer than life itself seemed to be their religion. I wonder who these people are who will surely come to us. Later a war appeared against the horizon which seemed to be with the French and Indians; the Indians will bring this to pass by burning many of our villages. And I saw how very fruitless will be England's attempt to unite our colonies under her government. Looking Southward I beheld large plantations or estates on which were built imposing mansions, surrounded by small huts which were the homes of the slaves and poor working men, while others served as stables and barns. Across the fields I could see nothing but slaves busy harvesting the cotton which in those days will be the one great harvest. Above them was a great black cloud which seemed to foretell WAR. I beheld to the North the very contrast to this, in small farms and villages having one street, one school house, one church, an inn and a town hall. Here I saw people engaged in lumbering, fishing, shipbuilding and manufacturing. Our country was alive. Everywhere I looked I saw English oppression on our

LITERARY



As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

---Shakespeare.

Memories 1923

children and our children's children. But I also saw our colonies boldly defy British officials by emptying the highly taxed tea into the sea.

I saw the Colonies rise in unification in the First and Second Continental Congress, and my heart was thrilled when I saw our children, stalwart men, hold firm in battles fought on ground unknown to us. I even saw these names written clearly in the sky—Bunker Hill, Lexington and Concord. I saw a man with fiery speech draw up a Declaration of Independence. This paper is destined to separate us from England forever. I was able to discern in the foreground of this conflict a man with the name Washington written across his forehead—mighty deliverer, organizer and leader of the day.

It seemed our weak band had become a mighty nation drawn together more securely when England tried to interfere on the high seas, where I could see our ships plying the waters of the earth. Thru' all this I could see our nation become greater until a cold wind struck across my face and caused me to draw my cloak around me. It came from the South and struck terror to my heart because it was the cloud of slavery rising to destroy the Union of North and South. Then Providence in its infinite mercy called from the mass of people a man called "Honest Abe" He aided this nation which I could see so plainly before me out of the mists by another piece of paper peculiarly similar to the one written early in my vision. There will be great suffering and bitter words in that day, for I saw families split in twain and one son march away to war clad in the blue while another marched away in gray, leaving a mother's heart breaking for both. There will be great suffering and when it seemed almost unendurable, I saw a general dressed in gray penitent and surrendering for the sake of his people bow before a general dressed in blue conquering but tender and forgiving. Out of this crisis the leaders came more sober and thoughtful than ever for behind them I beheld THREE MILLION slaves who by their faces showed FREEDOM. But finally I could distinguish the Blues and the Grays mingle in tears of penitence.

Picture after picture was unrolled before which held me spellbound until I heard a moan from the sea. I turned only to behold great suffering and bloodshed across the sea.. Then I could see great endless processions of brown clad youth come from the four corners of the great nation spread out before me. On—ever on they came until I saw them embark at a city not far from where we now stand. Then the moan ceased from across the waters and I again saw the brown clad youth return, but some of the faces were missing. Out of this I saw America emerge a nation ranking first

among the nations of the earth."

The Pilgrim fathers filed out of the little room where this simple maid had told her wonderful revelation still disbelieving that wonderful miracle which we have lived to enjoy—America.

The Sacrifice

Harold Daniels, '23

It was the tenth of December. The ground was covered with two feet of snow; paths had not yet been broken in the little town of Dunten in Canada.

One of he first to be out after the storm was Larry Knight, a tall, dark haired man of about thirty with piercing black eyes and a deep scar across his left cheek. He walked down the street until he came to a brick building with the windows covered on the inside with dark heavy material so that it was impossible to see in at any time. Larry opened the door and stepped into a room ten by twelve, there was an old stove in one corner, an old rug on the floor, and a card-table in the middle of the room. It was a gambling joint. Three men were sitting around the table playing cards. When Larry entered they all stood up and it was plain to see that they were all drunk.

"Looks like you fellows were celebrating," said Larry.

"We heard you left town and we are celebrating your absence," replied Shorty, a short heavy set man.

"Well stop your celebrating."

"Oh boss, leave us celebrate, when you all come in dat door your voice sounded so sweet to me sah, that I up's and thought, hey dere you old soaks quit pushing dat cream off dem strawberries, dems the bossies," said Rastus, a large negro.

"Rastus you fix the fire," said Larry.

"All right sah," he answered with a sneer.

"Say Bill, what are you going to do with that stick of wood." Bill was a large powerful built man with long, shaggy eyebrows, and a dirty, greasy ugly face.

Before he hardly had the words out of his mouth, Bill threw the stick at him. Larry dodged the stick, but the big negro assailed him from the back. His wrestling ability was all that saved them from the arms of the big negro. In an instant he was free, with his back to the wall. A person who

had seen Larry walking down the street and then had seen him backed against the wall would not have recognized him as the same person. His teeth showed, and there was a sneer on his face, his eyes narrow slits and his hair hanging over his face give him the appearance of a wild man.

The three gamblers were creepng toward him tigerlike one on each side with Bill the big ruffian advancing in the center. When they were six feet from each other they stopped and a deadly silence ensued. Then an animal madness came from Larry's lips which burned their ears and set their blood to boiling; they charged like maddened bulls being tormented by a red coat at a Mexican bull fight. Larry was soon overpowered. They quickly bound him and carried him unconscious and bleeding into the rear room, where he was thrown on the cold ground.

When the men returned to the room, the door was open and they were blinded by the whirling snow. When Rastus went to close the door he fell over some object which upon investigation, they found to be the body of a young woman almost frozen to death. In their drunken stupor they pulled her over to the fire and then renewed their drinking and poker game.

In the meantime Larry's little bull dog which always came in the back way, found Larry lying on the ground. He licked his face till he came to consciousness and then through Larry's instructions helped untie the cords. Larry arose to his feet dizzy and weak from loss of blood. He cautiously opened the rear door and obtained a revolver then he spied two feet moving by the stove. They were a woman's shoes he was almost certain. His eyes flashed and his voice was a growl.

"Where did you get her," he roared. They whirled toward him but he had them covered by his revolver.

"Leave this room immediately," he commanded. Each one got his hat and coat and left the room for they knew Larry meant what he said.

Larry soon brought the girl to consciousness. He questioned her but learned nothing. He took her home, and put her in his mother's care. Then he bought her new clothes and offered her a position as house-keeper for his mother.

"Oh how will I ever pay you back," she sobbed.

"Don't pay me back," he said.

When she retired she whispered to him, "Don't go to the gambling joint any more, and please leave this place. I wasn't unconscious. I heard them plan to kill someone and by all indications it was you."

The next morning the strange girl was up early. About ten o'clock Larry started for the gambling joint. When he arrived he was greeted with oaths and beer bottles. A fight followed between Bill, Rastus and Larry. Shorty wasn't around anywhere. In fifteen minutes Larry had them whip-

ped. As he tottered back weak from his wounds of the day before, the rear door slowly opened, he saw it out of the corner of his eye. The front door was on his right. He saw the revolver slowly raised to get a bead on him. It was Shorty, he knew, and Shorty was the best shot in the country. It was too late, he must die at the hands of this yellow coward. His first move meant the end. He remembered what the strange girl had said. As the revolver flashed the girl burst through the door and flung herself between Larry and his assailant clasping his neck. There was a flash of light and when the smoke had cleared she lay in a heap on the floor. Larry quickly examined her but she was dead, the bullet had pierced her heart. He rose slowly and looking the group spuarely in the face, gave them their answer.

"She sacrificed her life for me and from this day on I'm through with you and your kind."

Small Town Bluffers

Berniece Morris '24

It is not necessary to attend a school in some large city, nor is it necessary to attend a university to enjoy those things which thrill us—it may be our own school or town team. It may be base ball or foot ball that excites some, or again it may be basket ball. Each town no matter how small has certain sports that arouses the whole town.

Jack and Bill Smith lived in the small village of Clifton Forge. This town like many others was built along one main street. The Smith home was located at one end of the street, at the other end was a large field containing a few shade trees, this field was known to all as "The Commons". Here all the Independence Day Celebrations were held. The only sport in Clifton Forge was baseball, for basket-ball was as yet unknown. As Jack and Bill grew older they left Clifton Forge to attend a university in the southern part of the state. While attending school here they became interested in foot ball and both boys had the good luck of playing on the varsity team their second year.

Upon returning home, foot ball was forgottn, for a while at least and work began. However as Thanksgiving drew near they read the papers and each day they became more and more anxious to see a game.

One day Bill remarked, "I want to

see a foot ball game this Thanksgiving, if I can get away for a couple days."

"Well," replied Jack, "let's make up a team and try to find some team to play."

"How are you going to get up a team in a week around here when none of the boys have ever seen a game, let alone play in one?" questioned Bill.

"Suppose we do get beaten," answered Jack, "we'll have the fun of playing, and with a line of these heavy fellows from around here, it will not be easy for any team to break through the line and you and I can play ends so that we will be able to stop end runs."

"Let's talk it over with the school teacher and the gang around the grocery tonight. It might be we can have some fun," answered Bill.

That night the usual crowd gathered around the store and the subject of foot ball was discussed. All the young fellows were right in for a game, so after a little parley, the school teacher was made manager and was instructed to get a game for Thanksgiving day.

When the team was complete it consisted of saw mill hands, farmers, barbers, blacksmiths—in fact all the different vocations of the surrounding country were represented, but as each member of the team had to work they had no opportunity to practice.

Bill and Jack were the only boys who had ever seen a foot ball game, the remainder of the team had no idea whatever of the game.

In a few days the manager reported a game scheduled with a county seat in the adjoining state for Thanksgiving day.

The team was called the "Undefeated West End Tigers," rather an imposing name for an untried team, but as the team had never played they could advertise as an undefeated team.

Bill and John went to a neighboring city and borrowed suits. They later met the other members of the team and proceeded on the way. Not a member of the team had ever been in Stanton, the city for which they were headed, and they didn't expect to find much of a town.

In fear of defeat Stanton had imported players from two neighboring cities to strengthen their team. After leaving the train the West End Tigers, self-styled, assembled in a nearby field to get their first instructions about foot ball.

Bill gathered the boys around him and said, "As none of you know anything about the game, I'll line you up so you will know how to do when you're on the field. As for signals, we'll have none, and all I want you to do is—don't let them through the line and if you get a good chance just "knock 'em for a curve".

This last instruction seemed to take effect for at the end of the game they had seven cases for the doctor.

Having no signals Bill and Jack carried the ball all the time, first one way and then another, always toward the biggest gap in the line. Since only one fifth of the team knew anything about the game, they were penalized considerably, however when the final whistle blew their opponents had won by six points.

The game had several outstanding features, but the most unusual play came about in this manner—the opponents had scored and were to try for goal. The tigers lined up on the home line under the bar for the trial. The ball was untrue and one of the Tigers, Homer Haig, caught the ball on a bounce before it was in play and tore down the field for a touch down—so he thought. In order to cover up his lack of knowledge of the game, Jack told the opposing captain that Haig was a regular cut-up at home and was only playing. While Jack was telling the captain this Bill ran down and told Haig to play it out as a joke, which he did very well.

After the team hed returned home they received a copy of "The Stanton News" which had the following item on the game: "The Tigers, who played here Thanksgiving day, were very strong, and should have won were it not for being penalized so much."

This was Clifton Forge's first and last game of foot ball.

In the Moment of Despair

Blanche Kuyoth '24

Molly Laonde, aged eighteen years, stood leaning on the balcony of a pleasant room, overlooking a small but beautiful lake. It was the fourteenth of June and her birthday; but save for one note she had not received greetings or beautiful gifts. She was an orphan and alone in the world.

She had been brought up in Ireland. Her parents died in her earliest childfroze her tears before they fell, she saw her beloved uncle's eyes close in sleep for the last time. Heartbroken, she left her Irish home to go abroad and complete her education, which had been arranged by her guardian.

That was three years ago. She had visited in several countries and many places since then. Madame Elizabeth,

hood and at the age of three her mother's only brother took her. No mother could have been more tender, no brother a better comrade than he.

Never will she forget the awful dumb agony that wrung her heart and under whose charge she was placed, treated her with the greatest kindness. At the sound of her shrill voice Molly turned to go indoors.

"Molly, I have received a letter from your guardian, who desires that you join him immediately in England."

"Why does Lord Norris want me?" Molly asked.

"Because, he wishes that you come and live in his house. You know his mother is an invalid. It will no doubt prove a charming home for you."

"Home," Molly echoed, "Oh no, Madame, my home is in Ireland."

"But Molly, you will have a fine home and kind friends, but—changing the subject—where shall we spend birthday, Molly? In the house the lake?"

Oh, on the lake, please dear Mad-

w. Molly, you wish to visit orite spot before leaving, no doubt."

The day was spent happily but ended too soon.

The next morning when Molly awoke, Madame had most of her articles packed.

"You have just two hours to catch the train, Molly; you must hurry, although I have your trunks packed," said Madame. But Molly, with a downhearted look replied: "I am sure I shall be there by that time, Madame. I do so hate to leave you but I suppose I must."

In less than an hour Molly started on the long and lonely journey and in about ten days had landed in England. Lord Norris was to meet her at the landing from which she was to accompany him to her new home, a distance of about two hundred and seventy miles. He was so described to her that she knew she would know him at first sight.

Molly was merry when the boat had docked, the soft ocean breeze had taken her melancholy disposition. But her face clouded when Lord Norris was not to be found.

A man who noticed her sad face asked: "Are you in trouble, Miss?"

"Why, not exactly," Molly answered, "there was supposed to be someone to meet me and I cannot find him at present, but I shall soon."

"Can I be of any assistance?" the gentleman asked.

"No, thank you, I shall soon find him," Molly replied.

This ended the conversation and the man, politely tipping his hat, departed.

But Molly later found out that Lord Norris was not so easily found. She waited about forty minutes, then

turned her steps toward the center of the city.

She asked a passerby if he would please direct her to the station where she would get a train for Cedarville (the town where her guardian lived). After receiving full directions, she thanked him and followed his advice.

She arrived at the station just ten minutes late for the eight o'clock train. There would be no other till the next morning at ten.

"Where shall I find a hotel to stay for the night?" she asked of the ticket agent.

"In the next block east, Miss."

"Very well, thank you," and Molly proceeded to the place directed to her.

When she arrived there, the place proved to be a frame structure quite dilapidated, with a sign on the front, "Rooms to let".

On opening the door she was confronted by a roughly dressed woman of middle age.

"What is it for you, Miss?" the lady at the desk asked sharply.

Half dazed, Molly answered, "I would like to get a room for the night, please."

A girl, who Molly supposed was to represent a maid, answered a bell.

"Take this lady to room No. 22."

"Yes mam."

Molly followed the maid up the half-broken stairs and was pushed into a room containing two beds. One was to be occupied by a woman, who was then sitting on a chair in the corner. She was of small stature, dark course hair, squinty eyes and rather yellow complexioned.

"Haven't you a room with a single bed?" Molly asked of the maid.

"No, Miss, this is the only empty bed in the place."

"Well, I suppose it must do."

The maid closed the door and Molly was left alone in the room with a stranger whom she mistrusted from the first.

Molly was weak and tired so she retired immediately and soon fell asleep, not once glancing at the stranger, who still sat in the only chair in the room.

About four o'clock Molly was awakened by a noise at the foot of her bed. Silently but quickly she turned on the light and recognized the lady of the chair.

"For what are you looking?" Molly asked gently.

The lady did not answer but quietly retreated to her bed.

Molly did not sleep the rest of the morning but lay awake wondering what the lady had wished to do. When she arose, she dressed hurriedly, took her grip and pocket book and departed. What a pleasure it was to be in the open air again. She felt happy in spite of her trouble. She was glad to be away from such people.

About nine o'clock she arrived at the station. She went to the ticket office and asked for a ticket to Cedarville.

In opening her purse to get money to pay for her ticket, she discovered that every cent was gone, the agent looked at her and said, "I cannot give your ticket, Miss, if you haven't money."

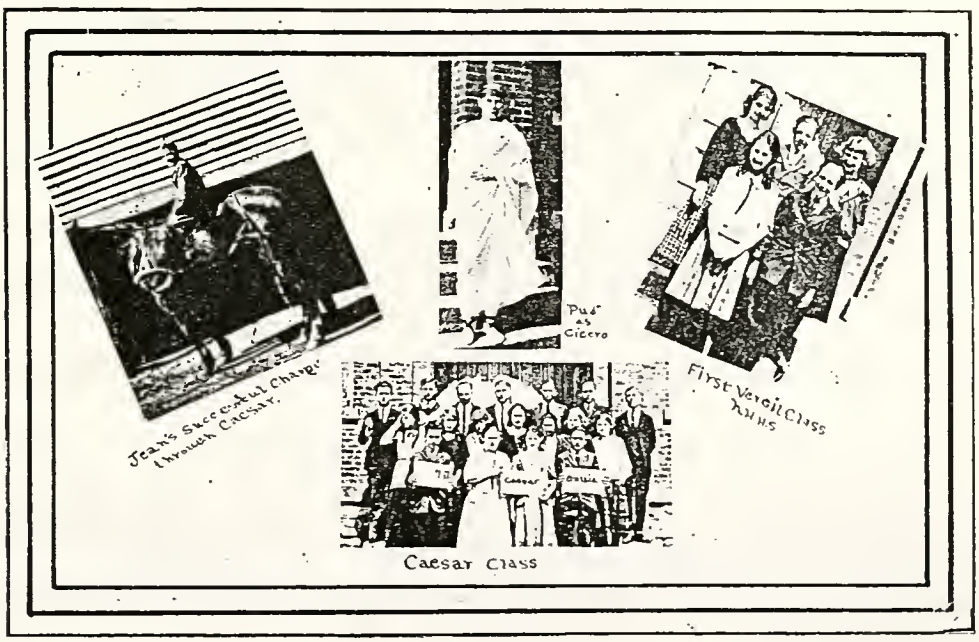
"I will be back shortly," she replied and hurried from the station. Going to the hotel where she spent the night, she ran up to room 22 but it was vacant.

There was nothing else for her to do. Molly walked out of the building, but not happy. Suddenly she felt a light tap on her shoulder and a charming voice asked, "May I help you, Miss Molly?"

Looking up she recognized her guardian. "The train was late," he explained, "arriving one hour after the boat. I could find you nowhere. I stayed in the city over night and was about ready to give up the chase when I spied you among the crowd. By the way, I believe, we have about fifteen minutes to catch the ten o'clock train."

"Oh, Lord Norris, I am so happy!" But the tears came before she had time to turn away.

As the train sped on its way to Molly's new home, she won her way into Lord Norris' heart by her bright smile and sweet Irish face.



Memories 1923

The Vergil Lesson

Time: About 15 minutes before class. Place: Library. Scene: The Burning of Troy. Atmosphere: Very Hot. Characters: Wid and Let.

Let: Alright, Wid, you start. I didn't get the first line.

Wid: "O, son of a g———"

Let: Why, Wid, you're not going to translate it that way in class, are you?

Wid: Of course, but wait until I finish. I was going to say "O, son of a goddess, flee——"

Let: But where does the "flee" come in? I don't see why he wants to flee. He seems to be happy. In the next line it says he is standing in the doorway, singing.

Wid: But it says he's standing in the doorway dancing in the forest. I don't undrstand Vergil, do you?

Let: Oh well, Miss Oberlin said we couldn't question him too closely.

Wid: I'll proceed. "Suddenly two slippery snakes slid out of the ocean and directed their footprints toward Laocoon, with their three-forked tongues and their eyes blazing blood. Having cast their eyes on Laocoon they wrapped their necks twice around his waist."

Let: But he didn't have on any waist.

Wid: Oh well, we'll supply one or maybe we can get Jean Morris to straighten it out for us. You know he's so good at sight translations.

Let: Let me translate the next. "When he saw that his end was decreed by fate his eyes overflowed with many rivers."

Wid: Oh, don't say it that way. This is poetry. You should say, "His bright eyes were bedewed with tears."

Let: Oh, Wid, you're so poetic. One would think you had written this book yourself.

Wid: Oh that's nothing but a note translation.

Let: Say, Wid, did you hear the latest news? The Caesar class have so many ponies they're going to start a riding academy. Noel Smith is to be chief stable boy.

Wid: Sh! here comes Miss Oberlin. The fateful hour is at hand.

WHAT?

GIRLS' BASKET BALL

BOYS' BASKET BALL

BOYS' BASE BALL

ATHLETICS

LAMAR GIRARDOT

Memories 1923

Girls' Basket Ball

The school year of 1922-23 is nearing its end, and it will soon be time for the members of the Basket Ball team to bid a fond farewell to their friends and each other. We are now going to make an epitaph, which will without a doubt recall to your minds in future years the departing squad of '22-'23. We promise you that this will not be so bad as an obituary, but we must make it violent in order to take effect, altho we are going to tell you the truth.

This institution of sports for the New Haven High School girls had been neglected for about six years, when three long years ago in the school year of '20-'21 the idea of Girls' Basket Ball was revived. Altho in the year 1919-20 the class of '23 had a strong desire to organize a team, they were unsuccessful. It was because of the desire of this class to organize and develope a team, that a meeting of all the girls interested was called by Miss Oberlin one Autumn day in 1920. We were handicapped by the small number that responded to the call, but the few, together with their coach, Miss Oberlin, made a successful struggle by their determination and loyalty. Thus girls' basket ball was again established in N. H. H. S. One evening each week was devoted to practice, and within a few weeks the lineup was chosen. Zelda Richhart was chosen captain and jumping center; Lucile Young and Carrie Goeglein, forwards; Elizabeth Bayman, running center; Marie Weilbaker and Jessie Sheehan, guards; Harriet Lake and Agnes Schnelker, sub forwards; and Catherine Bayman, sub guard. We played a few games that season and made a fair showing.

The season of '21 and '22 opened with every one's boiling with interest and pep to start the season off right. This year we were deprived of one guard, Marie Weilbaker, but her place was filled by Catherine Bayman. The rest of the squad was "right there", as full of pep as the year before. Zelda Richhart was reelected and the players took their same places again. We started the year off with a victory over Convoy, Ohio, without any practice. My, weren't we proud! We were filled with so much enthusiasm that we started off winning every game we played. We met with very few defeats this year. When the season closed, we had won a name for ourselves, and we resolved that when we came back the next year we would continue the good work.

The season of '22-'23 was one that can never be forgotten. The lightning pace of the snappy N. H. H. S. Girls' Team proved too great an obstacle for most of the teams they combated. Although we regretted very much that

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Catherine and Elizabeth Bayman left the team through graduation, we were glad that there still remained five of the old lineup. Hazel Vizard made guard this season and Blanche Kuyoth and Lavilla Tillock served as running centers. We had the team, but no place to play. But after the township came to the rescue by furnishing us with a gym, we worked hard to show our appreciation.

We played many exciting games in which we showed our honorable opponents how to play the game of basket ball. One of these was played against Columbia City. We had been defeated by this team the previous year and looked forward to the time when we would be acknowledged as their superiors. The time had come. It was on Friday night, Dec. 15th. Altho our opponents fought bravely, the victory was ours, 12 to 8.

Our team played many victorious games after this one, but the next one of importance and excitement was played at Convoy, Ohio, on January 20. We were driven down in Mr. Snell's bus and drove over about miles of rough roads, but we finally reached our destination within two hours after starting. We were determined to score a victory that night, and after a very exciting game we surprised our opponents and won by a score of 32 to 26.

On Feb. 16, we had another exciting game scheduled with Columbia City. By this time we had developed into a regular team, and thought that this game would surely determine our reputation in the Basket Ball world. That night was a glorious one, for Dame Fortune smiled upon us, and after thirty minutes of hard fighting and earnestness on our part, we had won, 28 to 25. We learned afterwards that the Columbia City girls were most downhearted and disgusted with themselves because they couldn't beat us.

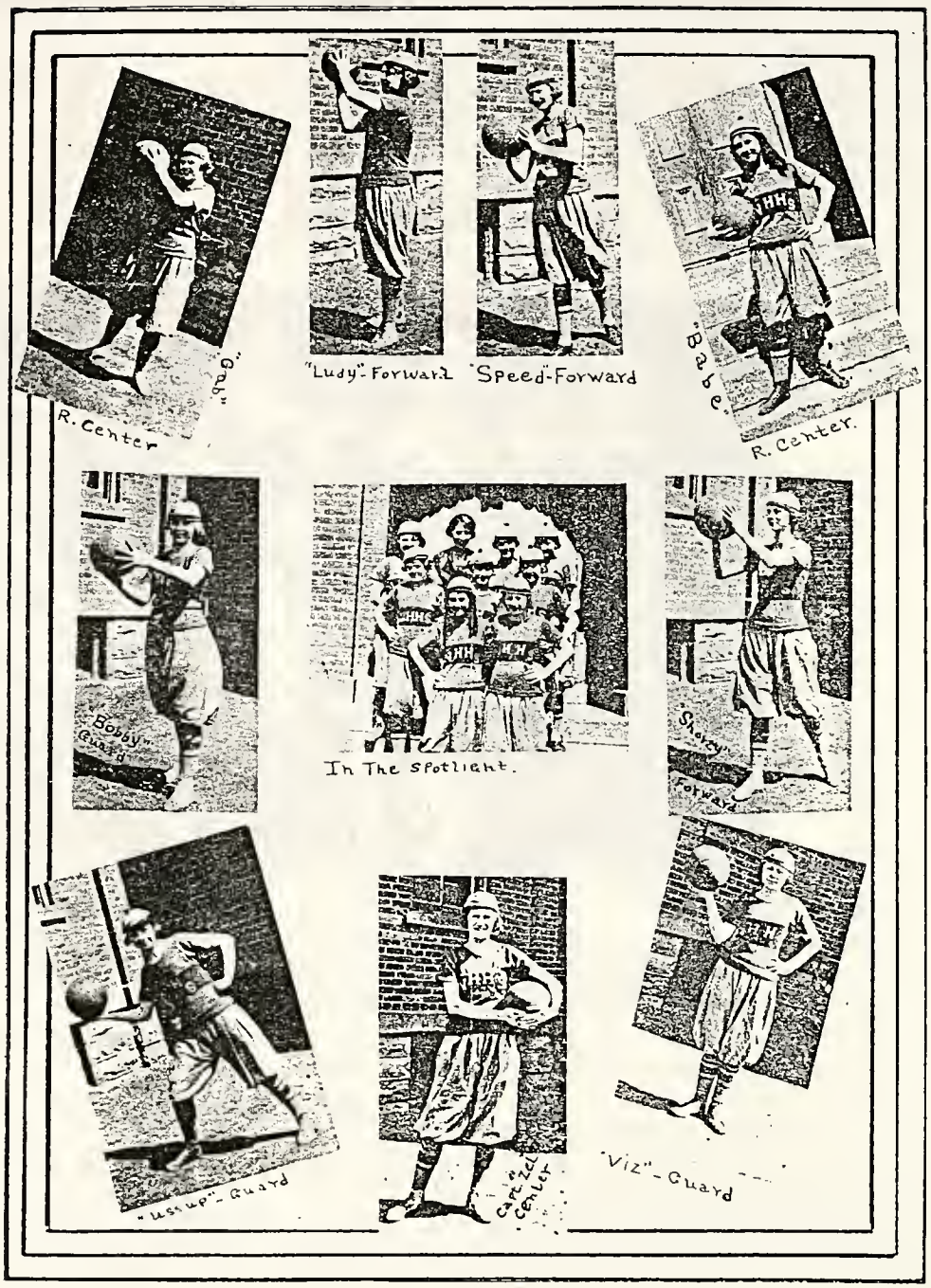
This was the last game of the season, and we were so glad we had ended as we had begun—with a victory. What was the secret of our successful year? What does it take to make a successful basket ball team? You who have had experience can easily answer the last question. First of all, the members of the team must be willing to spend hour after hour of hard work at the gym—must put basket ball first, social affairs second. Besides this, there must be a coach who understands and loves the game, and enjoys working with the girls. With these two requirements plus a third—loyalty and sympathy among the members of the squad—why cannot New Haven continue to have as successful a basket ball season as the one just finished?

Our team appreciates the loyalty of our coach, Miss Oberlin, as she has been with us for three long years—ever since we organized, and we feel that she deserves a great deal of credit for our success.

Girls' Basket Ball Team, '22-23

Those standing are Jessie Sheehan, guard; Lucile Young, right forward; Miss Ruby Oberlin, coach; Carrie Goeglein, left forward; Harriet Lake, forward. Those sitting are Blanche Kuyoth, running center; Zelda Richhart, capt., jumping center; Lavilla Tillock, running center; Hazel Vizard, guard.

Girls' Team Snaps



Memories 1923

Boys' Basket Ball

When the trumpet sounded at the beginning of the Basket Ball season for men to uphold the N. H. H. S. fame, a squad of about fifteen players reported to Coach Heine. Mr. Heine soon whipped a good team into shape, which was not altogether an easy task.

The first three weeks of the season the coach showed the boys the scientific way of playing Basket Ball. He soon developed a good bunch of players and on November 14, the first team was picked. The team was composed of: Smith, Bradtmueller and Null, forwards; Daniels, center; Hyser, Putman and Blaising, guards.

Putman's success in captaining the Base Ball team won him the captainship of the Basket Ball team.

November 30, the team started the season by defeating Woodburn to the tune of 51 to 13. The game was featured by the accurate basket shooting of Daniels. Here he proved his keen eye by caging twenty-nine of the total number of points. December 5, the boys went to Antwerp. Although the New Haven lads were too much for their opponents, Antwerp put up a good battle. The score at the final whistle was 9 to 7 with New Haven on the long end of the count. On the 9th of December the locals had their colors lowered by the fast Monroeville team. Later the Monroeville five repeated this in the return game at New Haven. The following week Leo came over with the intentions of taking our scalps, but they were badly fooled. The Leo lads were held to four points, while New Haven succeeded in getting twelve. Out of a three game series with Leo, Coach Heine's five won two.

January 5, the team ventured to Spencerville, only to come home with the small end of the count. Spencerville was the strongest team that the New Haven lads had played up to that date. Later when they came to New Haven they were given the same dose that was given to New Haven at Spencerville. Harlan was the next victim of the New Haven team. This game proved to be one of the most thrilling games of the season. Smith started our scoring machine to working with a goal from the field. New Haven's basket was followed by one on Harlan's end of the floor. Harlan continued to sink the ball through the hoop until she got a twelve point lead. The New Haven lads seemed to be powerless as far as winning the game was concerned, but Captain Putman saw the weak point and called time out with but five minutes left in the first half. When play was resumed Harlan thought they were up against an altogether different team. From this time on Harlan was held scoreless and at the end of the first half New Haven

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Boys' Basket Ball Team, '22-23

Those standing are Noel Smith, Douglas Blaising, Ferd Bradtmueller, Al. Heine, coach.
Those sitting are Harold Daniels, Stanley Putman, Ernest Hyser, Claud Null.

came within two points of tieing the score. As soon as the whistle blew for action Hyser tied the score with a sensational shot from the side. New Haven continued its bombardment until the final whistle. When the dust had cleared away we could see the numbers on the score board which read 21 to 14 in favor of NewHaven. Individual scoring as follows: Smith, Null 4, Daniels 2, Hyser and Putman; Free throws, Daniels 3.

The last game played before the tournament was played with Payne. The Payne lads were a husky bunch, but they failed to stop the fast New Havenites. The score ended in favor of New Haven, 18 to 23.

Noel Smith, "Indian", succeeded in holding down a berth on the Varsity this year, and he proved to be one of the fastest men on the floor. "Indian" played a good defensive game as well as offensive, thus making him a valuable man for New Haven.

Ferdinand Bradtmueller, "Ferd", although not so husky, proved to be a main cog in the wheel. Ferd could always be depended upon to stop any man that was coming his way. He also proved to be a good sport when it came to giving all he had towards winning the game.

Douglas Blaising, "Dug", didn't get into the game until late in the season, but when he did his opponents stayed clear of him because of his capability of pushing them around at will. Dug says, "Wait till next year, then I will show them how to play basket ball."

Harold Daniels, "Pud", proved himself to be one of the main stays in the New Haven scoring machine this year. Pud is not so tall, but what's the difference if you can get the jump on a fellow who is much taller than yourself? He was always right there with the goods at the opportune time. This made him a snappy player for any opposing team to run up against.

Ernest Hyser, "Mike", the best defensive man on the floor, gave New Haven much aid in winning her games. Mike could always be depended on to sink two or three goals each game besides covering up. Mike played every game this season except the last one, when he was most needed, but was forced from the floor with broken arches. Good luck to you next year, Mike!

Stanley Putman, "Pete". This was Pete's first year with the locals, so he thought he would make it a good one. Captain Pete could always be depended upon by his team mates to pick out the weak points of the opponents. He played a real game at back guard and many a time he broke up shots which would have resulted in a counter.

Willard Lucas, our big little man, displayed some real basket ball this year. Wid, although the smallest man on our team, was one of our stars. He has one more year in which to

shine for N. H. H. S. and we predict a bright future for him. He was especially valuable this year on offensive work and still played a very fast game on the defense.

Claude Null '24.

Individual Scoring

Name	Field pts.	Free pts.
Daniels	66	39
Null	44	
Hyser	40	
Putman	18	
Smith	10	
Blaising	10	
Bradtmueller	8	
Lucas	6	
Total	202	39

The Future

Next year, although we will loose four of our best men through graduation, we have very good prospects of having a winning team. Hyser, Null and Blaising will be the only regulars left, but it is predicted that several of the second string men will develope into good players. We will also have a new gymnasium to start work in next fall. The gymnasium proposition has been a great handicap to the local teams for a number of years, but next year this handicap will be overcome and New Haven will have the best Basket Ball team that the school has ever possessed.

The Tournament

The district tournament was held in the South Side gymnasium, March 2 and 3.

New Haven and Churubusco were matched to play the first game. The New Haven lads started out with a two point lead on 'Busco and were never headed. At the final shot the score was 12 to 6 in favor of New Haven.

Winning from 'Busco gave us the honor of playing South Side at nine o'clock Saturday. South Side proved too strong for the New Haven lads. The first five minutes play was seemingly the only chance of New Haven's winning. New Haven started out with a strong defense and for the first five minutes South Side was held to three points, which was given them through the free lane rout. New Haven had a hard time getting her baskets to stick. Time after time the New Haven lads would work the ball under the basket, but failed to make the counter. On the other hand, South Side seemed to be playing in luck, and succeeded in making most of their shots stick. The game ended 38 to 9 for South Side.

Boys' Team Snaps

Memories 1923

Base Ball

When school first opened last fall the base ball team immediately started hostilities with our neighboring high schools and had some very interesting games, winning three out of five games played.

The first game was played with Monroeville. This proved to be very exciting for the fans, because the score was tied several times. Monroeville won the game by a narrow margin.

The next game was played with Harlan. This was a one-sided affair. The locals proved to be in a superior class to the Harlan aggregation.

Leo was the next and last team to lower the New Haven colors. The batting eyes of the locals failed them and they lost the game.

The last two games were victories for New Haven. When Harlan came here for a return game the locals again proved their superiority, winning easily.

The locals journeyed to Woodburn for the last game of the season. This proved to be a close game. The score was tied in the last of the ninth, when Putman from New Haven knocked a home run and sewed up the game.

The Lineup:

Hyser—P.
Ehinger—C.
Bradtmueller—1st B.
Schnitker—2nd B.
Putman—3rd B.
Daniels—R. F.
Bell—C. F.
Null—L. F.
Lucas—S. S.
D. Blaising—U.
C. Null—U.
A. W. Heine—Coach.

Memories 1923

Base Ball Snaps

L'eloquence est le talent
d'imprimer---

D'Alembert

DRAMATICS AND MUSIC

Memories 1923

The First Class in Public Speaking

The first class in Public Speaking was organized in New Haven High School at the beginning of the school year, 1922-23. It was made an elective course and opened to Juniors and Seniors. Twenty-two hopeful boys and girls enrolled with visions of a successful career made by word of mouth. The beginning was quite elementary, but nevertheless knees quaked and lips became parched when our instructress came to our names, going either up or down her class roll. It took such encouraging words as "Fine" or "Better than last time" to keep us bolstered up. Then just as we would develop a slight degree of confidence and would make bold to boast, something would occur to bring us down into the dust. This came about in vaious ways, such as a defeat in a debate or forgetting point blank in the midst of an oration. But we soon found that the class was conducted primarily for the purpose of developing the foundation principles of speaking before an audience. The aim is not to make "silvered-tongued" orators but to meet the practical needs. The year was full of interesting work, not the least of which was a weekly discussion on current events taken from The Current Event Magazine. Early in the term each member subscribed for this paper and was ready at all times to converse intelligently on the news of the day. As this book goes to press each student is preparing a talk on subjects which will be his final in the course. As we finish our work we are ready to say with Senator Hoar:

"The longer we live the more we have come to value the gift of eloquence."

Come, class, cheer for Oratory,
The public speech in all its glory;
For 'tis an art that's lived thru' ages,
A favorite one with dolts and sages.
Yea, Oratory's the unrivalled art
That reaches each and every heart
From the eastern cross to the western ocean.
From north and south way round the earth
It stirs all mankind with sadness and mirth.
Gifted Oratory's power is that of a king,
Of this poets rhyme and learned bards sing.
Thru' this lofty talent live men of great fame,
Too countless by far to here call by name.
'Twas Oratory's speech that loosed the iron band
Which was holding us bound to the old mother land;
So shout, fellow students, from the depths of your hearts
With cheer upon cheer for the Prince of the Arts.

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Dramatics

The members of the Public Speaking class gave a program Friday, November ninth, in the high school assembly. The program was given in honor of Armistice Day and proved a great success. The program was opened by the reveille played by Devon Phillips. Old war songs were sung by the school, after which readings were given by Harold Daniels, "A Village Somewhere in France"; Willard Lucas, "To The Boys of America"; Carl Gable, "Joan D'Arc"; and Devon Phillips, "In Flanders Field". Germania Gerardot gave an introduction to a Sturat Walker play, "Voices" which was played by Edrie Thomas and Arneda Winner. "Joan of Arc" was sung by five girls of the Public Speaking class. Taps was sounded and once more the celebration of the end of The World War was renewed by the future citizens of America.

The Senior class, having been assigned the Thanksgiving entertainment by the faculty, gave their program Wednesday, November twenty-ninth. The orchestra played several numbers preceding the introduction given by Jessie Sheehan. Nan Lantz introduced Carl Gable, Harriet Lake, Germania Gerardot, who each read a paragraph on "Why The Students Should Take a More Enthusiastic Part in School Activities". Harold Daniels gave a selection on "The Landing of The Pilgrims"; Edrie Thomas "The First Thanksgiving Day"; Zelda Richhart, "The First Thanksgiving Proclamation". Carrie Goeglein wrote and read "A Vision" which gave in an interesting manner the progress that our nation has made since the landing of the Pilgrims. Martin Sheehan talked on "Why We Should Be Thankful". This ended the program.

The Junior Class capped the climax in originality at Christmas time. Their program was unique from start to finish. The playlet given by them was read from their manuscripts and acted at the same time, and with almost the same freedom that a committed manuscript would have produced. Willard Lucas, president of the class, opened the program with an admonition of "How and Why We Should Celebrate Christmas", then presented the members of the class who gave the following numbers:

Vocal Selection — Gladys Nulf
Introduction of playlet — Hazel Vizard
Christmas At Number Seven — Juniors

At the end of the playlet Santa Claus brought in a number of mechanical dolls dressed as carpenters, brides, baby dolls and dudes. Lester Mills, as the carpenter, gave a clever impersonation of Mr. Clem, and Claude

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Null as the dude made a fine Englishman. After the dolls had demonstrated the outstanding characteristics of the faculty, they showed their Christmas spirit by giving each student a lollipop.

The Class of Twenty-four gave a very interesting and entertaining program at the Town Hall, February twenty-second, to celebrate Washington's birthday. The hall was a bower of red, white and blue flags and decorations. Across the front of the stage was N. H. H. S. in the purple and gold, which the students have come to love so well. On the left side was the word Juniors in blue and white. On the right, the year 1924.

The class launched this project with fear and trembling, for it was the first time that anything of this nature had been attempted by the high school, but it proved more than they had dared anticipate. The following program was given.

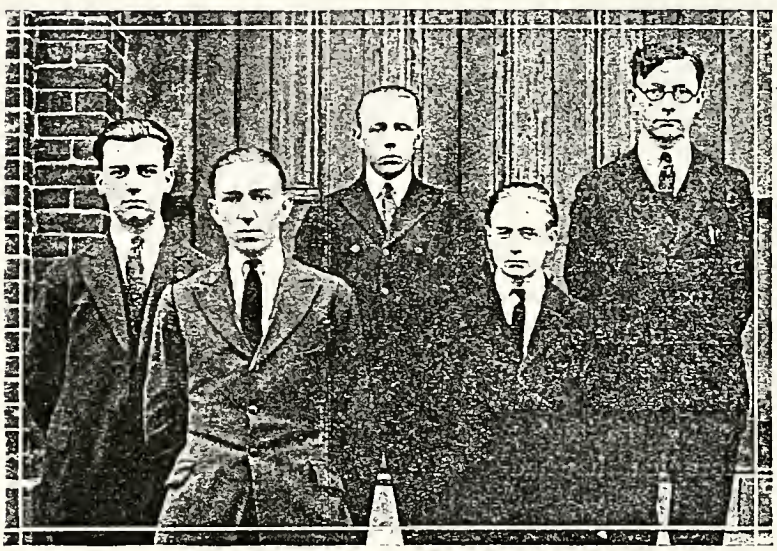
National Emblem
High School Orchestra
One act play "Aunt Matilda's Party"
Junior Girls
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny
Tenting Tonight
Summer Twilight
Mammy's Lullaby
N. H. H. S. Girls' Quartette
Greatest Achievement of the Centuries
Col. Alfred L. Moudy

The girls upheld the school's tradition with ease in their presentation of the one act play. They showed unusual ability as amateurs in acting and appearance. The girls' quartette is a newly acquired feature which shows possibilities. The orchestra was quite above par and deserves the staunch support of the school. The central thought of Colonel Moudy's lecture was the Constitution of the United States. He gave his theme in an interesting manner and was positive in his assertion that this document is the greatest achievement of the centuries.

The Juniors adopted the following resolution to be published in the Hi-Lite:

We, the Junior Class, wish to thank the outside members of the orchestra, the quartette and Senior girls who helped to make the evening a success.

Debating Team



M. Sheehan W. Lucas

M. Blaising F. Bradtmueller C. Gable

Debates

January nineteenth, "The city boy and girl have more advantages than the country boy and girl."

Affirmative: Paul Schuckman, Olive Grover, Harold Daniels. Negative: Willard Lucas, Carl Gable, Melville Blaising. Decision in favor of the negative.

January twenty-fifth, "Immigration should be limited to the white race."

Affirmative: Harriet Lake, Gladys Nulf, Willard Lucas.

Negative: Ferdinand Bradtmueller, Carl Gable, Melville Blaising. Decision in favor of the negative.

January twenty-sixth, "Exemption rules should be abolished in high school."

Affirmative: Carrie Goeglein, Martin Sheehan, Jessie Sheehan.

Negative: Germania Gerardot, DeVon Phillips, Edrie Thomas. Decision in favor of the negative.

January thirty-first, "The National Honorary System should be adopted in every township high school."

Affirmative: Olive Grover, Paul Schuckman.

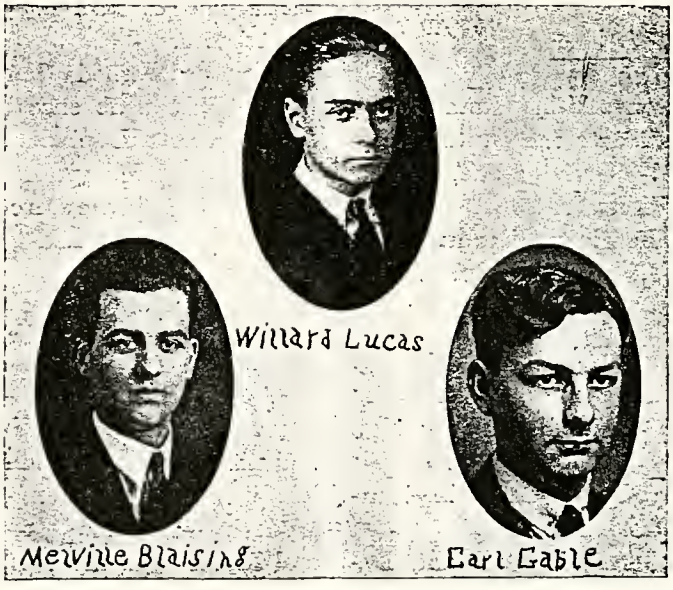
Negative: Arneda Winner, Harriet Lake. In the absence of Paul, Miss Tonkel took his place, and therefore the decision was given to the affirmative. Who said we weren't diplomats?

March ninth, "Labor organizations promote the best interest of the working man."

Affirmative: Melville Blaising, Ferdinand Bradtmueller, Willard Lucas.

Negative: Martin Sheehan, DeVon Phillips, Carl Gable. Decision was made by Reverends Jones, Aichinger and Rhoades, in favor of the negative.

Contestants



High School State Discussion League

Early in the year the Public Speaking Class joined the High School State Discussion League. This league is for the purpose of developing the student's ability in research work on some important public question. This year the subject was to propose a plan whereby all labor disputes of public or quasi-public industries could be solved. Martin Sheehan and Carl Gable were chosen to compete for the representative from our school in the final elimination. This was held in the Assembly, March twenty-first. Carl was chosen and went to Fort Wayne Central to the county contest held March twenty-third, where he gave his discussion with credit to himself and to the class. The other county contestants were Mary Forker, South Side; Josiah Roth, Leo; John Metts, Central. Nineteen members of our school attended and came home with great plans for next year, for—

Who bides his time and day by day
  Faces defeat full patiently,
And lifts a mirthful roundelay,
  However poor his fortunes be—
He will not fall in any qualm
  Of poverty—the paltry dime
It will grow golden in his palm
  Who bides his time.

James Whitcomb Riley.

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Oratorical Contest

The Superintendents from the seven high schools in Allen County met in January and decided to hold a county oratorical contest, April twenty-first. Each school was to choose, by elimination, a contestant from any number that wished to try out. The seven contestants were to compete for a gold medal. Nineteen members from the Public Speaking Class of our school prepared orations from truly American subjects, and gave them before the members of the faculty. From the nineteen the judges chose two and the class voted on three, to meet for final elimination. The two chosen by the judges were Edrie Thomas and Melville Blaising, and the three chosen by the class were Jessie Sheehan, Ferdinand Bradtmueller and Willard Lucas.

March twenty-ninth these five met at the town hall and gave their work before the patrons of the school. Benj. Null, from South Side, Miss Kromer, from Central, and Glenn Smiley, attorney from Fort Wayne, acted as judges. They chose the following respectively: Willard Lucas, Melville Blaising and Edrie Thomas. The Parent-Teacher Club awarded a check for three dollars to winner of first place and a check for two dollars to winner of second place.

The crowning event of this adventure came April twenty-first when Willard won the first medal given for oratory in Allen County. He covered himself with glory, easily outstripping all other contestants. His oration was given with such positiveness and ease that he held his audience spellbound and, despite the fact that Mr. McComb had asked that all applauding be stopped, he received quite an ovation. The class wishes for this member all that he is capable of attaining and may each member live and work till we can voice our trust with that of the poet when he says:

Wings to rise to the sun—
Nay better; feet to climb,
Till the voice of God's "Well done"
Rings to the end of Time.

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Development of Interest in Music

When Professor DeLong came to our school five years ago, about the first word of praise that was given to him was "My, he surely can play the piano!" or "Have you heard Mr. DeLong play?" In an incredibly short time—just the time it took him to win the confidence of our boys—there was an unexpressed desire on the part of many of them to "play like Mr. DeLong". Their desires slowly but surely bore fruit. The first to try out was Robert Thomas of the class of 1922, but in March of last year, one fine morning the school was informed that there were four new aspirants as wielders of the bow, and now instead of Robert carrying a violin case alone there were Jessie Sheehan, Willard Lucas, Lucile Young and Smith Thomas. I am sure that none of us shall forget the morning that Noel Smith and Harold Daniels tried to play with the school orchestra, which was organized by Miss Walter. Have you ever been trying to drop off to sleep when suddenly you were startled by a "Screech-h-h-h" from out the top of a tree nearby? Well, this particular morning when we, in the assembly, were attending strictly to business, and our newly organized orchestra in the west room was doing the same, there came just such a screech. We were informed later that the boys' saxophones were "acting up".

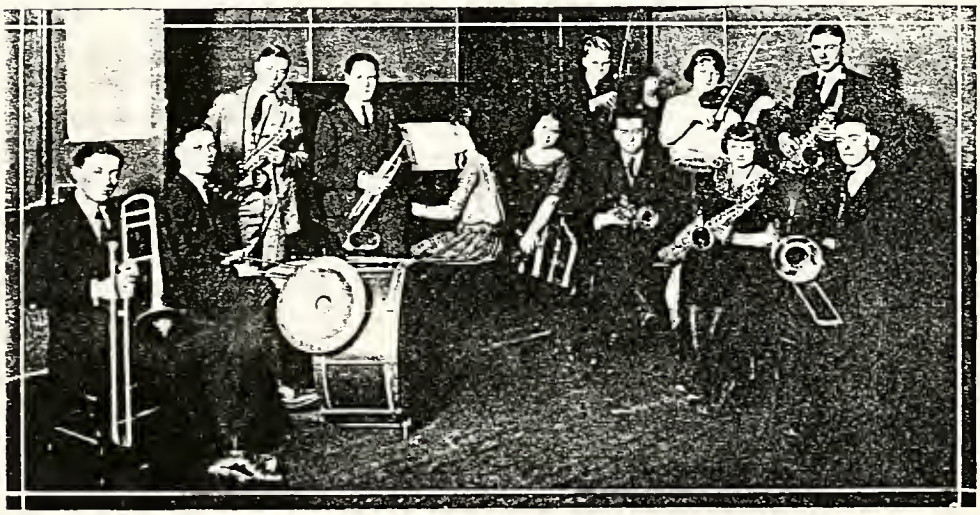
When the 1922-'23 school term opened the old members had made marked improvement, with several new members added. The orchestra now has the following members: Stanley Putman, trombone; Walter Schnitker, traps; Noel Smith, Carrie Goeglein, Harold Daniels, saxophones; DeVon Phillips, Gladys Nulf, Melville Blaising, cornets; Lucile Young, Smith Thomas, violins; Claude Null, trombone; Lavilla Tillock, piano. This year it has been under the direction of Mr. DeLong, and we sincerely hope that the N. H. H. S. Orchestra has come to stay, for no school, civic or religious meeting is complete without it. The members have played for all programs given by the school throughout the year. On Friday, April twentieth, they played at the Andrews High School Commencement: on Saturday, April twenty-first, they played at the Allen County Oratorical Contest; and on May twenty-second they will make their farewell appearance for the year at our own commencement. For those who leave our ranks this year we wish all the happiness they can obtain thru their efforts in this wonderful art.

Another development in music this past year was the quartet which was organized by Miss Walter in February, and has taken part in several public entertainments, in which they have

been well received. They entered the contest on April twenty-first. The quartette is made up of the following girls: Gladys Nulf, first soprano; Cora Hazlet, second soprano; Elizabeth Mills, contralto; Edrie Thomas, alto.

Our orchestra and the quartet are not the only places that keener appreciation of music has been manifested. The chorus made up of the entire high school is now really mastering more difficult music, thanks to the efforts and patience of Miss Walter.

High School Orchestra



Stanley Putman (trombone), Walter Schnitker (drums), Noel Smith (saxophone), Devon Phillips (cornet), Laville Tillock (piano), Gladys Nulf (cornet), Melville Blaising (cornet), Carrie Goeglein (saxophone), Claude Null (trombone), Harold Daniels (saxophone), Lucile Young (violin), Smith Thomas (violin).

Institute Program

The High School students furnished an entertainment for Teachers' Institute on December 16th. After various performances given by different High Schools before the teachers in their county session, the New Haven High School in turn cleverly succeeded in displaying her ability as well. Miss Edrie Thomas, a Senior, also a talented member of the Public Speaking Class, gave two very entertaining readings. The first was "The Church With an Overshot Wheel"; the second, "Lasca", by Frank Desprez. Her ease of expression won admiration from all. The orchestra, composed of the following members: Mr. DeLong, piano; Harold Daniels, saxophone; Smith Thomas, violin; Noel Smith, saxophone; Maurice Rose, violin; Walter Schnitker, drums, and Devon Phillips, cornet, furnished excellent music. The selections played were "Blue Bird Land", "Bridal Rose" (overture), and "Sweet Indiana Home."

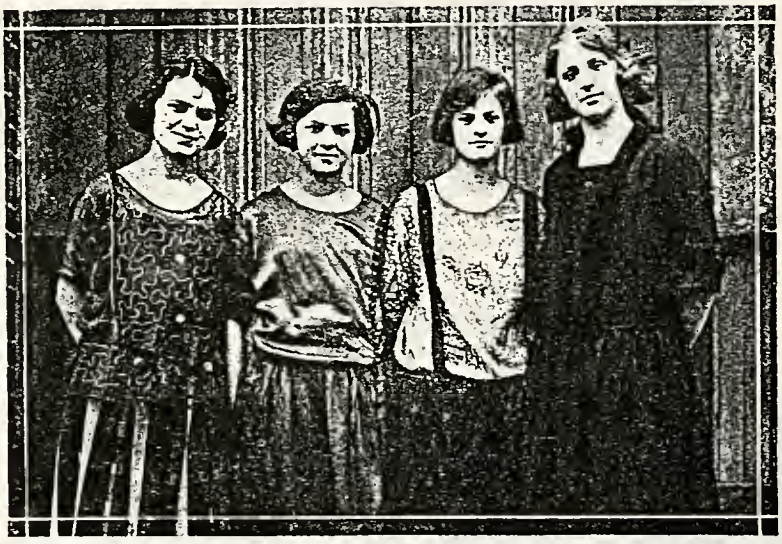
Music

Whatever the relations of music, it will never cease to be the noblest and purest of arts. It is in the nature of music to bring before us with absolute truth and reality, what other arts can only imply. It's inherent solemnity makes it so chaste and wonderful that it enobles whatever comes in contact with it—

Wagner.

Memories 1923

High School Girls' Quartet



Gladys Nulf. Cora Hazelet, Elizabeth Mills, Edrie Thomas,

What's the Joke?

Audible Movie
Weather Forecast
Familiar Sayings
Just for Fun

Society News

A Wedding

One of the most fashionable mock weddings of the season was that of March 16th, in which Miss Lavilla Tillock became the bride of Mr. Devon Phillips. The bride, who is one of the most popular members of the younger set, was becomingly attired in a lovely set of curls, black slippers and a green and red gown. She carried a bridal bouquet of lovely carnelian celery, tied with a beautiful bow of shoe-strings.

Miss Berniece Morris, as brides-maid, was attired as usual, and carried herself well under the trying circumstances. Miss Hazel Vizard, beautifully attired in a green gingham apron, as flower girl, carried a beautiful bouquet of imitation American Beauty roses and scattered smiles indiscriminately. Little Miss Olive Grover carried the ring upon a beautiful tin dust pan. Mr. Mills attended the groom, who was also present.

Rev. Willard Lucas officiated, reading the beautiful ceremony from Mother Goose. The bridal party entered to the strains of Mendelsohn's beautiful ditty entitled "Gee! Gee! I'm glad I'm free; no wedding bells for me", rendered by Melville Blaising, a talented musician of our city. Mr. Paul Schuckman, the father, gave the bride away, accompanied by the tearful sobs of Miss Arneda Winner, the mother. After the wedding breakfast, the bride and groom left on an extended tour through the dining room and kitchen. The out of town guests were Gladys Nulf and Esther Bandelier.

The members of the Junior Class were entertained at the home of Miss Lavilla Tillock, March 16. The evening was spent in dancing and playing games. Later in the evening a dainty luncheon was served, after which the guests departed.

The Sophomore Class entertained the high school at the traditional Sophomore party, October 31st, at the Town Hall. The guests came masked, and enjoyed games amidst the spookiest of Hallowe'en decorations. Miss Friedline and Miss Oberlin won prizes for being the best masked individuals. A Hallowe'en luncheon was served at the close of the evening.

Miss Carrie Goeglein and Miss Jessie Sheehan united in celebrating their birthdays, Thursday, October 12th, at the home of the latter. Music and games were the main features of the evening. At a late hour a two-course luncheon was served to the Misses Harriet Lake, Lela Stabler, Carrie Goeglein, Della Brown, Zelda Richhart, Lucile Young, Jessie Sheehan,

Nan Lantz, Berniece Morris, Katie Weilbaker, Leota Koehlinger, Lavilla Tillock, Edrie Thomas and the Messrs. DeVon Phillips, Walter Schnitker, Walburn Pence, Gaylord Shank, Carl Gabie, Harold Daniels, Noel Smith, Stanley Putman, Martin Sheehan and Smith Thomas.

A Hallowe'en party was given by DeVon Phillips at his home, Saturday, October 28th, in honor of the Junior and Senior classes. The rooms were effectively decorated in autumn leaves, pumpkins and corn stalks. Games, contests, and lunch were also in keeping with the season, and the guests spent a very enjoyable evening.

Miss Nan Lantz gave a Wiener Bake for the Senior class, Thursday, October 5th. A very enjoyable evening was spent in playing games and listening to musical selections given by the members of the class.

The Senior Class gave a surprise party in honor of Noel Smith, on his eighteenth birthday, Thursday, December 22nd. The evening was spent in playing games after which dainty refreshments were served at a late hour.

Thursday evening, March 22nd, the faculty and high school were pleasantly entertained by the Freshmen at the high school building. Games and music were enjoyed by all. Later in the evening all were given a "royal feed". Everybody reported a good time and wished that the evening had been longer.

The Junior class was entertained on September 29th, by Hazel Vizard at the home of Dr. Cowan, and on November 8th by Arneda Winner at her home.

The Juniors received their class rings, Saturday, December 16th.

Miss Harris was not able to be in school November 14 and 15 on account of illness. Miss Germania Gerardot, a Senior, acted as substitute. Such work is good for a Senior who has decided to make teaching her profession.

On account of Miss Harris' absence Monday, February 12th, Edrie Thomas, a Senior, acted as substitute.

Miss Harriet Lake, a Senior, acted as substitute for Miss McClellan's room, Monday, February 12th.

The Sophomore class was entertained Tuesday, February 21st, at the home of Miss Opal Stauffer of Harlan. Opal spent her Freshman year in N. H. H. S., and was a popular member of the present Sophomore class.

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An Audible Movie

As I entered the class room for my last class in college, I was handed a program. This wasn't of much interest to me until I saw in especially big type "New Haven". This naturally attracted my attention and I read, "Audible Movie To-Nite at the White Star Theatre—Review of New Haven Senior Class of '23—8:00 O'clock Sharp". Nothing was on my mind that entire day except that movie. By six, I was anxiously waiting, with about two thousand other college students, for the doors to be opened. Since each member of the Senior class realized that this was the last day of his school life and that his education would not be complete without hearing an audible movie, it naturally drew a large crowd.

When the doors of the theatre were opened, there was a grand rush for seats. In about ten minutes the doors were closed and the show began.

The first picture represented the first day of school. Not only did it show the dignified expression on the Seniors' faces, but it showed the juvenile expression of the Freshies. I could not only see the pupils but I could hear them talk as plainly as if it had been the year 1923.

There were two assemblies, Assembly I and Assembly II. No one could find his books, tablet, pencil, pen or ink. I then saw Raymond Greiser taking long, hurried strides thru the laboratory. He turned to Noel Smith and said, "Anyone seen my Indian ink?"

Noel Smith gave a reply as he swayed back and forth, "Haw, haw, haw, you can tell the Freshies."

I then saw a white, slick-haired dog running thru the laboratory unnoticed by the pupils; evidently very much at home. Fastened to a collar around his neck was a card on which was written "Sept. 5". I happened to remember that Jean Morris' dog used to attend school quite regularly. With each picture Jean's dog was represented with a date on his neck. The public speaking class was organized on September seventh. It did not meen until the following day. I saw DeVon Phillips stand on one foot and gaze at the ceiling as he gave a three minute talk. Then I heard Carrie Goeglein give an oration. She started to make a gesture, but happening to think it was the wrong place, she scratched her head instead. I then heard Leola Bandelier give a current event. She continually mispronounced the word obviously, but Miss Tonkel told her to go ahead with her report and if she would come up some night after school she would help her to pronounce it correctly. When Leola had finished I heard Miss Tonkel say, "Folks, you must not have a rising inflection in your voice when you get up to give a

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report."

The next picture was of Mr. DeLong and the Senior class in Assembly I. I heard him tell the Seniors why the faculty wished to establish an Ethics class. This class being very much enthused, it was organized September twentieth.

My attention was then carried to the base ball field, where our boys were playing Leo. I could see that the team had the support of the school as well as the parents. Soon I heard the shouting and rooting from the grandstand, under the direction of Zelda Richhart, the cheerleader. It certainly was exciting to see Pete Putman make a home run, and see the school anxiously watching the next play. In spite of the good plays by New Haven, they were defeated October 13.

October 20th the Freshman class was organized. It met in Room 1 to elect officers. Lamar was elected president. I heard one girl say after the class had adjourned. "I voted for Lamar because he's funny; he always has a smile and good word for every one."

In the next picture I saw cornstalks, pumpkins and old rose and white crepe paper draped about the room of the town hall. I then saw Miss Oberlin and Miss Friedline receive prizes for being the best masked. I remembered this to be the Sophomore party of October 31st.

Next I saw two girls in the front of Assembly I. At second sight I found it to be Arneda and Edrie, giving a one-act play. This program was given by the public speaking class November eleventh.

November twentieth I saw the whole school gathering around the Assembly I desk. I noticed Carl Gable and Germania handing out the first edition of the Hi-Lite of N. H. H. S.

The next scene presented Nan Lantz introducing the Thanksgiving program given by the Senior class, November thirtieth.

My eyes were then cast on a crowd of girls and boys in front of an antique building. They were eagerly watching a girl open a small package. I heard DeVon Phillips say, "Give me my ring and I'll bring you my money Monday." I knew by this that the Juniors had just received their class rings. December sixteenth.

As I rubbed my burning eyes I heard the audience laugh and clap. When I looked up Santa had just displayed the Irishman (Claude Null), the funniest doll he had. I remembered this was the Christmas program the Junior class gave December twenty-second.

When I saw Let. Mills' pockets bulged out and torn, it brought to my mind the Junior show given Jan. 11.

My eyes then fell on Harold Daniels in Assembly I When I saw the perspiration on his forehead and his hand

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trembling like an Aspen leaf, I knew it was the semester examination, and he was taking the Caesar examination. Then I heard him say, "Gee, Miss Oberlin, that's the best grade I've made since I've been in high school". I knew by this that he had passed the examination and that it was January nineteenth, the beginning of the second semester.

Next, I saw Miss Flanningham in one building showing the girls how to trim hats; the boys were in another building, sorting out seed corn. I knew by this that it was Short Course week, Februry fifth to ninth.

There were shouts heard "fire! fire!" and in the picture the manual training shop was in flames. I then heard Jean Morris say, "Oh well, there ain't much damage done."

The next picture showed an apparently old, foxy woman raging and pacing the floor. She stopped and picked some paper axes out of a birthday cake and threw them at the guests. After all this excitement, an audience was listening to a lecture. I remembered this to be the Junior entertainment at the town hall, February 22nd.

My attention was again brought back to an exciting game of basket ball. An audience, larger than any I had seen before, was criticizing the plays of both teams. I heard Claude Null call "Come on, Ern; let's beat Busco." I knew this to be the tournament held March second and third.

I noticed a boy explaining a game, and from the expression on his face and his childish explanation, I knew it was the Freshman party given March twenty-second.

My eyes were then cast on a stage upon which sat three boys and one girl. After I heard the girl give her discussion on how she thought the labor question could be settled, I recollected the discussion given at the Central High School of Ft. Wayne, by the members of the State Discussion League, March twenty-third.

I then saw and heard Willard Lucas, the chief orator of N. H. H. S., give a famous oration and win the championship, March twenty-ninth at the town hall.

I then heard Mr. Geake talking before the Assembly on Americanism. I remembered this was the day pictures were taken for the annual, Apr. 4.

My eyes then followed a yellow bus from New Haven to Ft. Wayne. It was raining when the Seniors left the bus and marched up the stairs to a photographer. I knew they were having their pictures taken for the annual.

This was the end of the Audible Movie. I gradually worked my way thru the impatient crowd until I was once more on my way home. When I entered my room I immediately hunted for my "Memories". I found that all the incidents I had seen in the movie that night were in my annual along with many more minor events.

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Weather Forecast

1. Devon Phillips and Gladys Nulf—unsettled, probably colder.
2. Harold Daniels and Ruth Hoetzer—fair and warmer.
3. Ferd Bradtmueller and Berniece Butler—110 in the sun, probably rain.
4. Melville Blaising and Elizabeth Mills—unchanged.
5. Harriet Lake and her Vergil—very hot at 10:10, but cooler towards evening.
6. Stanley Putman and Miss Trombone—very windy but clear.
7. Walter Schnitker and Miss Traps—thunderstorms.
8. Martin Sheehan and Katie Weilbaker—sunny all day.
9. Ernest Hyser and Lucile Young—40 below zero, icy.

Familiar Sayings

1. "Did the bell go?"—A freshman.
2. "Got yer Latin?"
3. "That will be all for today."—Mr. Heine in commercial class.
4. During luncheon hour—"Has Miss Tonkel gone?"
5. Miss Wermuth—"Please desist."
6. The Seniors—"Let's wear caps and gowns."
7. Miss Oberlin—"Report to Mr. DeLong after school; you are tardy."
8. Ern Hyser—"I'll take debate and go fishing."
9. Miss Tonkel—"Five per cent off for not volunteering."
10. "May I borrow some theme paper?"
11. Freshmen—"I lost my book."

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Want Ads

Wanted—Some anti-fat—Paul Schuckman.

Wanted—Natural wave—Agnes Bell.

Wanted—Bolt of ribbon—Edrie Thomas.

Wanted—A black rat in order that I might have ear puffs—Inez Hatfield.

Wanted—The assembly room made shorter so I wouldn't need to take so many steps to get to the desk—Ernest Wiese.

Wanted—Fuller lips for a better picture—Lavilla Tillock.

Wanted—Longer basket ball season—Blanche Kuyoth.

Wanted—A servant—Walter Schnitker.

Wanted—To buy gasoline at wholesale—Stanley Putman.

Wanted—A complete compact—Nellie Gable.

Needed—Manicure scissors—Ruth Hoetzer.

Wanted—Silencer—Hazel Vizard.

Wanted—To have more fun during last period in afternoon—Raymond Young, Smith Thomas.

Wanted—A faster vehicle to bring me to school—Florence Schaaf.

Wanted—Something to talk about—Berniece Morris.

Wanted—Elevator in school—Mary Hutson.

Wanted—A tonic to promote our growth—Frances Mourey, Harold Berkheiser.

Wanted—Someone to answer my letters—Nan Lantz.

Wanted—My picture to be published in the annual—Ruth Hoetzer.

Wanted—A Cicero class next year—Miss Oberlin.

Wanted—More jewelry to wear—Olive Grover.

Wanted—To spend more years in High School—Martin Sheehan.

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For Sale—My picture proofs that I had taken at Van De Grifts—Miss Tonkel.

Wanted—A seat in the rear of the room so I wouldn't need to turn my head to see who is present—Lucile Hieman.

Wanted—An ethics class—Juniors.

Wanted—A new car—Kenneth Sweeney.

Wanted—A speedster—Gertrude Lare.

Wanted—Some jazz music—Noel Smith.

Wanted—Speed—Martin Meyer.

Wanted—An easy way to make money—The Juniors.

Wanted—Someone, who is capable of studying, to do my studying—Douglas Blaising.

Wanted—Something to make my hair grow—Ernest Hyser.

Wanted—High school barber free of charge—The boys.

Wanted—Someone to help the girls with their boots—The girls.

Wanted—Spending money for Purdue next year—Noel Smith.

Wanted—A class of bright freshmen next year—The teachers.

Wanted—More attention given to basket ball—Members of Association.

Wanted—An easier way to publish an annual—Carrie Goeglein.

Wanted—An alarm clock with an extra good alarm—Jessie Sheehan.

Wanted—An electric curling iron—Lucile Young.

Wanted—To graduate without wearing "caps and gowns"—Nan Lantz, Germania Gerardot.

Wanted—My hair "died"—Zelda Richhart.

For Rent or Sale—All my "smiles" and "frowns"—Miss Tonkel.

Wanted—A smile from Elizabeth Mills—Raymond Young.

Wanted—A chauffer—Miss Wermuth.

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Just For Fun

Tongue Twisters

Sister Sheehan saw seven snappy Seniors strolling southward Sunday.

Brother Braising burnt Bobbie Burns' beautiful brown bloomers.

Bobbie Burns brought Bonnie Berniece Butler beautiful blooming buttercups.

Master Martin Meyer making many mistakes marched merrily many million miles moving monkey's muscles.

Pete Putman proved Pud pronounced perfect participle pretty poorly.

Graceful Germania Gerardot got gout gulping greasy greens.

Royal Ralph Richards rolled round rocks round Richhart's rather rugged rabbit ranch.

Table Etiquette

Carefully tuck your napkin in your collar or you may ruin your vest.

Always leave your spoon in your cup while you are drinking; if you take it out someone may swipe it.

Never take a second helping; the family may need it next day.

Never pick your teeth at the table—go to your dentist where there is a larger assortment.

Always eat your soup from the inside of your spoon—there isn't much on the outside.

Biscuits should be opened with the fingers if the hostess has failed to place an axe on the table.

Do not drop your saucer on the floor. If you feel you must break something, try cracking a joke.

Do not use your napkin to drive the flies away from the jam—your hostess may be keeping the insects as pets.

Foolish Questions

Why do you laugh up your sleeve?

Because that is where your funny bone is.

What instance is there of a falling out between the fruits in the Garden of Eden?

When the first apple caused a lot of trouble for the first pair.

A cat has nine lives but a frog croaks every day.

What is it that is spuare and when put into a round receptacle will completely fill it?

A square meal in the stomach.

In Physical Geography

Mr. Heine: "What is a Jungle?"

Berniece Chausse (smiling knowingly).

Mr. Heine: "Alright, Berniece."

Berniece: "Jungle was the wife of Jupiter."

Roy Heath (waving his hand frantically).

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Mr. Heine: "Roy, you tell us."
Roy: "A Jungle is an elephant."

Lester Mills was always accustomed to being at the foot of the class. His father hearing this asked him why he was always at the foot. Lester said: "There's nothing wrong in that, both ends are taught the same."

Miss Wermuth: "Robert, what kind of a point do we put after a declarative sentence?"
Robert Lunz: "A decoration point."

Mr. Heine told his agriculture students to feed their chickens a mixture of sawdust and cornmeal to see what happened. Gaylord Lake, a freshie, who misunderstood the diet, fed them just sawdust. A few weeks later he came to school and told Mr. Heine that he tried that sawdust diet and set a hen. The eggs hached out three chickens wih wooden legs and another was a woodpecker.

Senior in Grammar Class: "If I said I am beautiful, what tense would it be?"
Miss Oberlin: "Past."

A man had a dog he named Vance,
He took him to doctors in France,
And quickly they slung
Xrays on the lungs
To locate the seat of his pants.

Miss Oberlin calling the roll in grammar class: "Now, if you are not here, please answer absent."

Pud—"Does your fiancee know much about automobiles?"
Pete—"Heavens, no, she asked me if I cooled my car by stripping the gears."
Miss Tonkel called upon Stanley Putman to name three kinds of poetry. Stanley, getting this confused with his agriculture: "Three kinds of poultry are roosters, chickens and hens."

Mary had a little lamb
And when she saw it sicken,
She took it to the canner,
And now it's labeled chicken.

Good Idea

Butch to his Dad: "Dad, can you sign your name with your eyes shut?"
His Dad: "Certainly, my son."
Butch: "Well, then, shut your eyes and sign my report card."

Wit and Humor

Mr. Jones had recently become the father of twins. The minister congratulated him—"Jones, I heard that the Lord has smiled on you."
Smiled on us," said Jones, "He laughed out loud."

Paul S.: "Uncle, couldn't a fellow have a fine feed if he was as hungry

as I and as roomy as you?"

"How do you feel?" said the physician who had been called to attend the seamstress.

"O sew, sew, but I seam worse today and have a stitch in my back."

The doctor hemmed and told her she would mend soon.

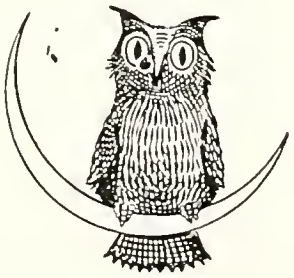
Miss Oberlin, in Grammar Class, called upon Noel Smith to name the personal pronouns. Noel began by naming who, which, what, etc. Miss Oberlin, handing him this little poem, said, "If you'll say this little poem, I'm sure you'll have no trouble in remembering them." It was as follows:

I had a little tea party,
This afternoon at three,
Three guests were all that were present,
Just I, myself and me.
Myself ate all the sandwiches,
While I drank up the tea,
I also ate the cake
And passed it on to me.

What Some Of The Students Think

When ice cream grows on macaroni trees,
When Sahara's sands are muddy,
When cats and dogs wear B. V. D.s,
That's the time I like to study.

Hubby out to have some fun,
Meets some old friends.—Chapter I.
Starts for home; is feeling blue;
Can't find keyhole.—Chapter II.
Mutters something; drops the key.
Wifie wakes up.—Chapter III.
Wifie comes down, opens door.
Scolds some, then cries.-Chapter IV.
Tells her was up with sick friend,
Another chapter? No, The End.



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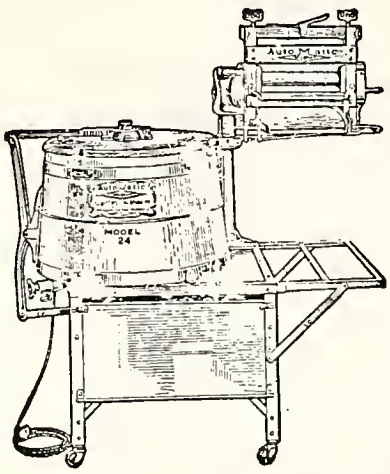

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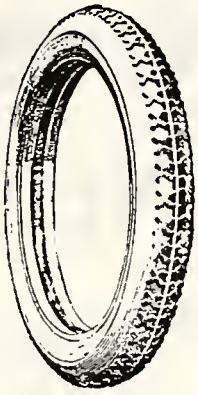

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The Four Essentials to Credit

THE FOUR ESSENTIALS for the establishing of credit consist of CHARACTER, CAPACITY, CAPITAL and COLLATERAL. The first, CHARACTER, is necessary before any of the other three can be accomplished. A savings account with a determination to save a little each pay day is the foundation of character. You will find the man with real initiative, the man with the determination to save is always a good provider and of good character and habits. With CHARACTER built you will find capacity established, capital acquired, with its records in your bank book and with such capital you have the capacity to purchase collateral.

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